EDUCATION FOR THE EMOTIONS . . By George F. Reynolds

THE 29 '44

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Ilya Ehrenburg
Reviewed by William C. White

"FURLOUGH"
by Franz Hoellering
Reviewed by Robert Pick

"THE BUREAUCRAT"
by John Crider
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"RIDE WITH ME"
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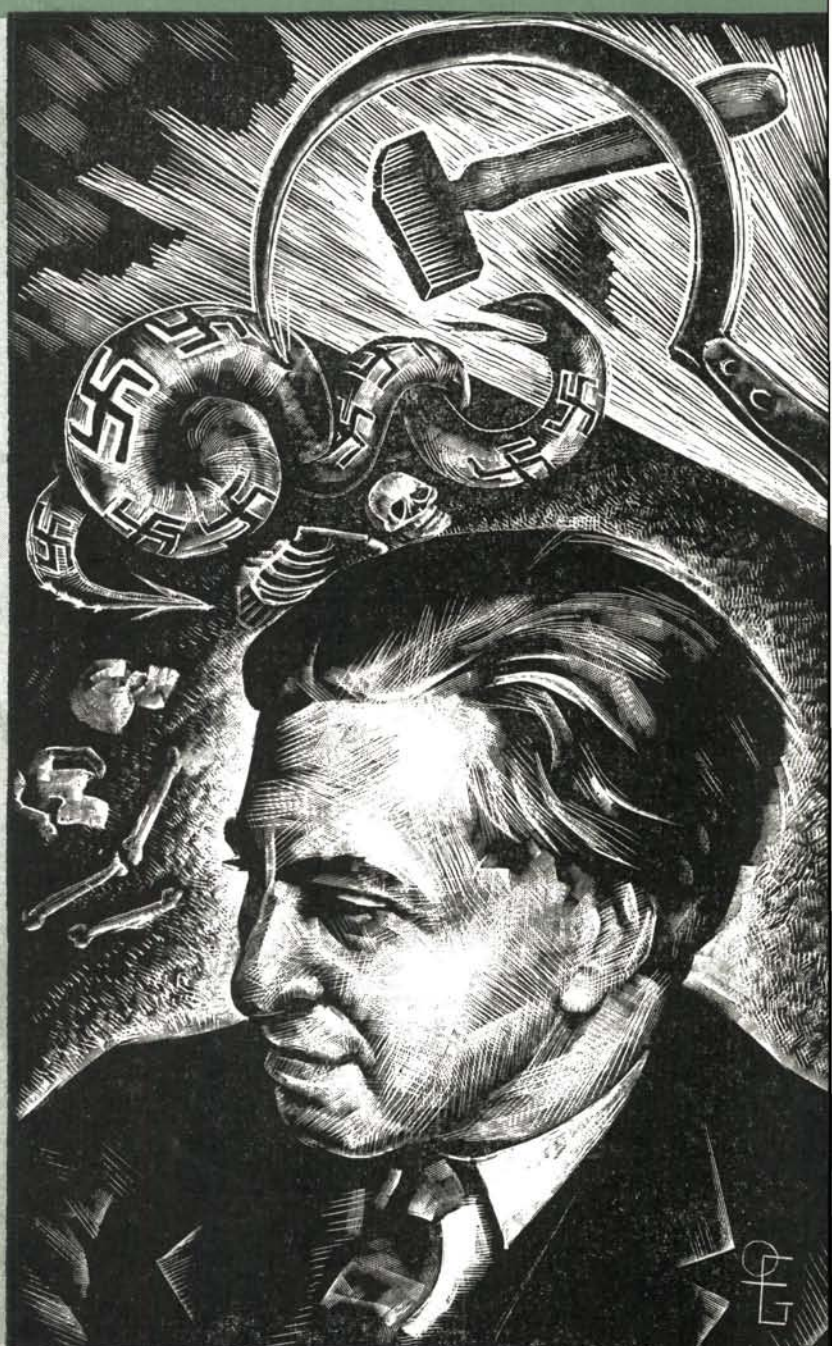
STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Dorothy Thompson



—Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

ILYA EHRENBURG, Russia's writer-correspondent, has a plan for dealing with reptiles. . . . (See page 7)

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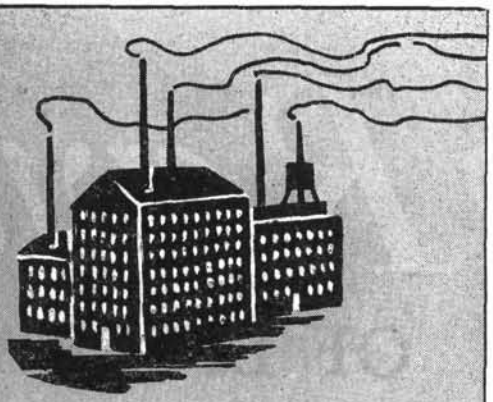

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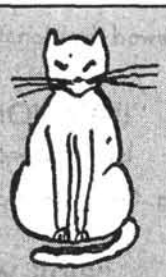

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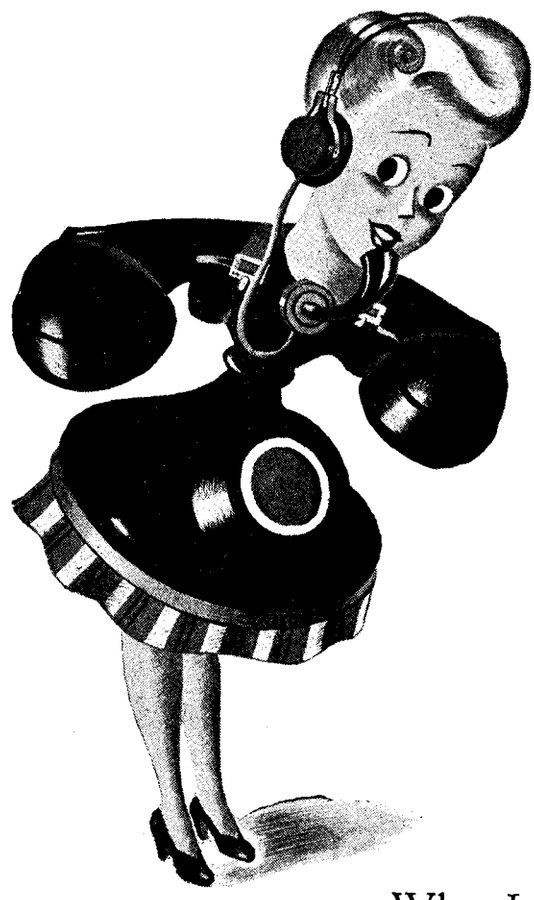

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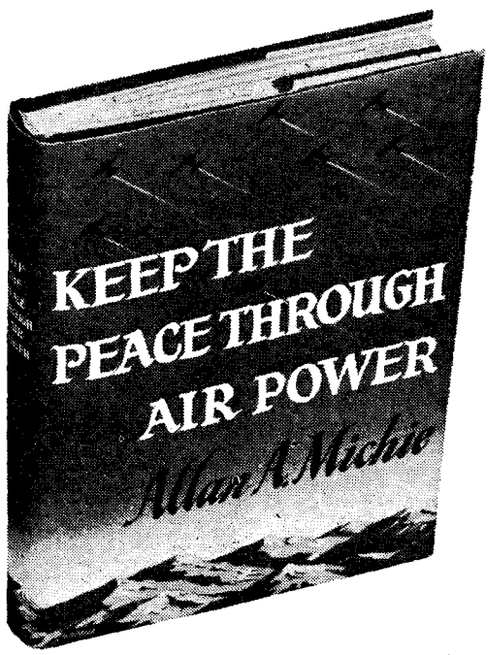

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Education for the Emotions

"We Are Set on Fire; Let Us Be Sure It Is A Worthy Flame"

GEORGE F. REYNOLDS

SO far as our curricula go the emotions might be supposed to be nonexistent. There is even no agreement as to what education of the emotions means. Our education has largely been directed toward acquiring information and various skills and applying reason to our problems; we have paid little attention to feeling. Now our whole educational edifice is shaken in the war crisis. Everywhere men are asking what education is to be after the war. Every serious magazine has one or more articles about it. Educational organizations discuss it. Yet of the need for more disciplined or better founded emotions there is scarcely a hint. Of course the education of the emotions concerns many mediums—psychology, psychiatry, philosophy, religion. I shall notice only one, the arts; not that they are the most effective, but that they offer a definite point of departure.

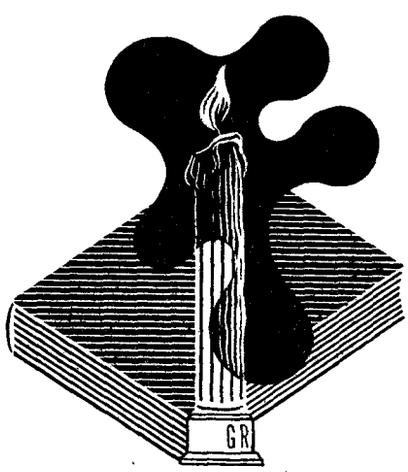
When we say the arts we at least have a fairly definite idea of what we are talking about; they include painting, sculpture, poetry, and other literature of power, the dance, music—those human activities which exist primarily to transmit to the recipient the artist's feeling about something and to get him to share it. Not, it must be emphasized, knowledge about that feeling, analysis of the technical means used in expressing it, an account of how it came to be what it is, comparison with what some other artist feels on the same subject—none of these things, which are of course perfectly legitimate subjects of inquiry—but instead the transmission of the artist's feeling itself, and a vital experience of it. The arts, so defined, are society's recognized channels for the emotions. Surely they ought, therefore, to be of use in the education of the emotions.

What are the services they can render? Are they really important? To emphasize the obvious ones is surely not necessary; for instance, the escape they provide from this troublesome present. Escape in these days of anxiety and distress is a service the value of which is not to be denied. But there are more vital services than escape, services demanding our serious and most alert attention.

One, which poetry especially renders, is to put into effective words what we inarticulately think or feel. Most of us in heart-scarring situations are tongue-tied and self-conscious. We see, for instance, those we love going off to we know not what dangers and all we can say is, like James Whitcomb Riley's old farmer, "Well, goodbye, Jim, take keer of yourself." But even a single poem like that said to ourselves helps, and if we know some farewell touched more deeply with poetry or imagination, it gives all the greater relief and more abiding comfort, something, for instance, like Romeo's "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast," or the great benediction in Numbers:

The Lord bless thee and keep thee;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

This is not, of course, to suggest that we should go around spouting



these passages; our lives are not lived on levels which make them suitable, but only to say that even to have them in our minds brings some relief in situations otherwise too much for us. And so with other emotions; sorrow is lessened, happiness increased. One advantage our grandfathers had over us was that better than we they knew the great phrases of the King James version and were prepared for almost any situation. Recent educational theory scoffs at the idea of postponed returns. Education, we are told, must function now. But this service cannot be performed at the moment of need; it depends upon minds already fortified for whatever may come. The theory is one of those mischievous half truths that darken our educational ways.

A young marine in the South Seas points out another postponed service which imaginative literature renders. The men who bear up best, he says, in the vast emptiness of the Pacific, in the terrors of the jungle, and the hideousness of actual combat are not the practically-minded strong men upon whom this comes with unprepared-for horror, but rather those who have been through it already in imagination. We have all to some extent shared this experience. Fiction, plays, poetry, the movies—in them we have seen men behave with courage and have admired them, or with brutality and we have hated them, or with cowardice and we have scorned them, and so we, too, have learned how to meet trying situations.

The greatest service the arts can render is in making richer and fuller the lives of individual men and women. Anybody who has been exalted by a great symphony, profoundly gratified by a picture or a building or a piece of sculpture, lifted above himself by a poem or play or a novel does not have to be convinced of the worth of the experience. Such moments of transcendence, brought about by vari-

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ous means—love, religion, danger, but most surely and repeatedly by great art—give purpose and value to life. To say that we are the better for them is pallid understatement; it is in them that we really live.

But some say, "What of it; better! better for what?" Such a question is revealing, for it shows that men are being thought of not as ends in themselves but only as means to an end. To "collective reformers," says a writer in *The London Times,* "their organizations begin to assume in their eyes the shape of a divine purpose and their fingers begin to itch for the harp of self-righteousness or the thunderbolts of power. . . . Democracy is nothing magical. The groups arising within it are as liable to become engrossed in solemn irrelevance and, insisting always on the conditions of the human prison—its government and its drains—to forget that the purpose of mankind is not to improve the prison but to transcend it. 'How seldom,' says Clutton-Brock, 'does anyone rise in the House of Commons and instead of speaking to the question, suddenly cry:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore—

to remind the other members of what they spend their lives in forgetting.'" So far from *The Times.* The illustration is intentionally extreme. One can scarcely imagine what would happen to anybody who would so intrude beauty into a discussion in the Senate, or a Rotary Club meeting, or even a faculty meeting of a college of arts and sciences. But it does emphasize what needs constantly to be reiterated: that all these institutions and the state itself are only machinery, machinery to produce better people. "The worth of a state in the long run," said John Stuart Mill, "is the worth of the individuals composing it." "Underneath all, individuals," said Whitman, and stated the very essence of American democracy. Social reforms help, economic conditions can be made more favorable, but finally the only fundamental way to a better society is to make better individuals.

But this being accepted as basic, it must at once be emphasized that really great individuals can only be produced as coöperating members of a group, in which they save their own lives by losing them in something greater than they. This apotheosis of the individual by absorption in a larger cause is shown in every story of heroic combat in battle and of heroic service in peace. Democracy, Freedom of the Individual, would offer only a shallow program if it did not include this larger view.

The bearing of all this on the training of the emotions must be clear enough without much elaboration. What should such education aim at? First, perhaps, the discouragement of undesirable emotions such as, to quote the prayerbook, "envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness," and, perhaps more characteristic of our times, corrosive pessimism, shallow optimism, and self-pity. An attendant in an Army hospital writes me,

> I've seen self-pity and infantilism in many men in this war, and it is this personality inadequacy, not combat shock, that unfits and destroys them for a normal life after their return from over-seas. This is a problem of attitudes and it is the sort of human tragedy that could have been averted, I think, had a parent, priest, or teacher successfully indoctrinated these men with a sense of responsibility to something beyond themselves.

Training of the emotions, moreover, means making us more responsive on the one hand to nobility and beauty, and on the other to social injustice and oppression. This is so obvious as not to need illustration, but rather, perhaps, the warning that our emotional training should aim at giving us greater discrimination concerning what we respond to. We are all set on fire by something; let us be sure that it is something that deserves to kindle the flame. This does not imply mere matters of taste. It means understanding and sympathy with other people's joys and sorrows, but it also means the ability to detect cheap and insincere appeals, especially the appeal of sentimentality with its false emotions, lack of proportion, and too facile use of things we all cherish.

Our emotional responses are "not Time's fools," they are not easily changed, but such change is, after all, what education in them means. Such changes come mostly through contagion—the influence of people we admire, of new groups we become a part of. And some changes also come from the books we read, the pictures we see, the music we hear—in general, the arts we vitally experience. But

the arts so subtly shift our points of view, widen our tolerances, soften our prejudices, that we often do not catch them at it. They make us laugh with people or at them, make them seem glamorous or repulsive, something to imitate or something to despise. And because a skilful artist in words or form can so easily do either by the creation of the suitable atmosphere, the arts are at once so serviceable and so dangerous.

What we need then, so far as the arts are concerned, is intelligent instruction. Granting everything that can be said of the importance of the emotions in life, and of the arts in influencing them, one may still question their inclusion in our educational programs. Perhaps the most obvious reason for teaching them is that without instruction many students will never learn to get from the arts what they have to offer; another is that some art needs comment and interpretation.

The conclusions to which we come are: First and most important of all, the necessity of a clearer recognition of the importance of the emotions in our lives, and consequently the desirability of more carefully considering them in our educational program.

Second, a formulation of the kind of emotional responses we hope to elicit. You may balk at that; it may sound too much like regimentation. But unless education has some positive aims, it is likely to get precisely nowhere. And what are the ends we should be striving for, especially today? Justice, equality of opportunity, tolerance, treatment of persons as individuals and not lumping them together as members of a class or race, the largest possible freedom for everybody so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others. To call building up favorable emotions toward these ideas regimentation is to let words deceive us.

Third, the importance of the arts in this program. They should be thought of not merely as a pleasant way to fill one's leisure, if any, but instead

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as a necessary factor in a good life. This is their primary and sufficient purpose, only fulfilled, however, if they are really experienced, not merely told about. Experience of the arts need not mean courses in them; it does not go very easily with our machinery of examinations and grades and hours of credit. Yet instruction of some kind in them is desirable. Perhaps we need a new approach.

And finally the arts have a special value in the present crisis. We need not only clearly formulated ideas and programs, but to have these ideas and programs made concrete and moving. The arts perform this function, they vitalize information and go deeper than discussion, and finally, they train the emotions they give rise to. They are not merely the ornaments of life but among its activities when it is most alive, they touch the very springs of action; they arouse responses that "are not Time's fools," "that look on tempests and are never shaken," and that "bear it out, even to the edge of doom."

Memo for Peace-Table Diplomats

THE TEMPERING OF RUSSIA. By Ilya Ehrenburg. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Kaun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 356 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WHITE

ILYA EHRENBURG is fifty-three years old. He is a Soviet journalist, novelist, and columnist. He has fame and position in his homeland unlike that of any writer in the world, and gained mostly since the war. As the Germans invaded Soviet Russia, Ehrenburg chose to try to find the right words to arouse, inspire, and inflame the Russian Army and people against the invaders and to put into dynamic words the thoughts and feelings of the inarticulate millions of his countrymen as they faced invasion. His writings appeared in all the large Soviet newspapers, were widely quoted, and many a Red soldier clipped one column or another and took it with him to battle.

At the same time Ehrenburg's work was (and still is) cabled abroad. It has served to show the world outside what the Russians are thinking and how they have met the Germans.

This book is a beautifully translated collection of many of Ehrenburg's articles and commentaries along with excerpts from his diary. The present volume begins just after the invasion in 1941. It ends inexplicably in July, 1942, even before Stalingrad was begun. The pieces chosen are often repetitious. Surely, Ehrenburg has written enough since July, 1942 to have brought the collection approximately up to date.

Although incomplete, it is still a valuable book. It is one of the few first-hand source books to the early months of the Russo-German war. In those days, no foreign correspondents were permitted near the front. Only Ehrenburg and his Soviet colleagues had that privilege. But Ehrenburg's work is more than reporting for reporting's sake. Every word he wrote had a purpose—to inspire his fellow countrymen, and, later, as his work was sent abroad, to press for a Second Front.

From the first, Ehrenburg had no doubt of the outcome of the war. He knew Germany and he knew Europe. He had seen the Fascists in Spain, the Nazis in Paris in 1940. From the first days of the war he wrote, "Stand fast! Russians have shown they can beat Germans. Only the beginning is difficult!"

He traveled along the various fronts and among the people behind the lines and he found the words to express what his people felt as they learned what a German invasion was. To these words he added his own feelings and produced an inspired whole that helped men fight. Soldiers wrote and thanked him. "How often," one of them said, "a live word helps to take pillboxes and dugouts."

The secret of writing vividly about war seems to be the ability to pick out some small incident, present it colorfully, and make real a minute segment of measureless human experience. Ernie Pyle can do it. John Hersey can do it. Ehrenburg has the same gift—seizing on some small picture or pungent remark and using it to make the reader feel the reality of war. Ehrenburg speaks of "a blue signpost standing unscarred, pointing to a village. But German shelling has left no trace of the village." He writes of "six Jewish girls, raped and killed, left with a notice, 'Toilet for German soldiers.'" He writes of the sergeant who knocked out three tanks and said, "It was the first time I'd seen so many tanks. I felt frightened. Then I thought, 'This is no time for feelings, you've got to get busy.'" He tells of Soviet generals and reports informal conversations with them. He writes of simple Russian heroes, just reporting what they did, paying them the simple compliment of omitting advertising adjectives.

In one thing Ehrenburg excels all other war writers—in his ability to express his loathing and horror for the Germans. He does it by description, by reporting their deeds, by quoting letters and diaries found on them. These Hitlerites, these "Fritzes," he told his countrymen, are not supermen. They are murderers, rapists, plunderers. He quotes their own reports of children slain, of old women tortured, and even more damning, quotes Nietzschean comments on their own behavior. Then he adds their whining as they find that Russia is not easy to conquer and as they face the Russian winter, the Russian wind, and Russian death. Some American correspondents have caught a similar loathing when writing of the Japanese, but no American on the Western front has written as ferociously of the Germans. Fifteen years ago the Germans had an enviable position in Soviet Russia. There was unbounded admiration for German technique, for German orderliness, for methods of German administration, for methods of German Army training. Today, that is gone forever. Instead, Ehrenburg reports vividly the average Russian's loathing, contempt, and utter horror

How the "Kukriniksy" views the German leaders. The "Kukriniksy" is a team of three Russian artists who have won wide recognition for their cartoons.

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at the behavior of so-called human beings.

The history of the Russo-German war will not be written for a long time. Already many of the details are blurred in non-Russian minds. We remember Stalingrad, Moscow, the Crimea, and Leningrad, but forget the thousands of other battles, large and small, for every town and village. The Russians remember them and Ehrenburg has put those memories on paper. The sheer horror of what the Germans did to Russia may fade abroad as time goes on, but the Russians remember.

Whatever the Russian plans for their post-armistice attitude to the Germans may be, this book will explain why they choose that attitude. Whether or not we disagree with it is beside the point. The Russians have suffered and they demand retribution. And they are shocked at any other point of view. In *The New York Times* magazine last Sunday (August 13, 1944), Ehrenburg wrote, in much the same manner as he writes in this book:

> I look through newspapers of America and England. I sometimes find in them mystifying statements. Recently I saw in an English Catholic newspaper the following sentence: "The Germans are behaving much nicer in this war than in the last one." In a large American newspaper I saw: "Notwithstanding individual excesses, Germans remain the army of a cultured State." In England the venerable Henry Noel Brailsford even wrote about the inadmissibility of a trial for Hitler and asserted that the Germans were cruel "only to Jews and Slavs." One reads that and is surprised. What sort of angels kill English war prisoners and pour flying bombs into London?

In other words, as the European war draws to a close the "Yes—but" boys appear again. They say, "Yes, the Germans should be punished but —." This book should be compulsory reading for them.

There are Russian war aims, written clear. Anyone who wants to know their genesis need only read Ehrenburg's book. It should be in the baggage of every diplomat who sets out to face and to cope with Germans across a peace table. There he will meet not only Germans. He will also meet Russians.

Opening Up the Road to Rome

INVASION DIARY. By Richard Tregaskis. New York: Random House. 1944. 245 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

WHEN Mr. Tregaskis goes to war he evidently feels that newspapermen should be among the troops in immediate contact with the enemy. The modern war correspondent has unusual leeway in moving with the assault waves and some have died or been wounded in consequence of their determination to be eye-witnesses of battle. Mr. Tregaskis was one of the latter. Severely hurt in Italy by a shell fragment, he received the following telegram: "Please be a little more careful. Kindly report the war and don't fight all of it. Give General Eisenhower a chance to do his stuff. W. R. Hearst."

There is no evidence that Mr. Tregaskis was ever careful in battle and his book proves that he can report astounding details of front-line action which he saw with his own eyes. He is a calm and dispassionate observer seemingly little affected by the emotions aroused in combat. Once in describing the view from a mountain top of a difficult river crossing, he writes: "I was conscious of a strange detachment. As I watched the struggle with a sort of Olympian perspective, conscious that men were dying and being wounded, I was also aware of the astronomic beauty of the shell-fire and the tracers." If there is any deficiency in his reporting, it might be in his failure or inability to depict the utter confusion and uncertainty of battle, because of his objectivity.

Nobody knows better than Mr. Tregaskis how painful and lasting may be the aftermath of battle. His head wound was nearly fatal. There is less detachment—and naturally so—when the author describes the effects of his own wound, the dolorous trek back to the command post, and his slow progression from hospital to hospital until he reaches Walter Reed in Washington. This is unquestionably one of the best parts of the book, where the reader will find extraordinary but not morbid descriptions of the suffering and endurance of the wounded and their inspiring adjustment to their disabilities.

Before this misfortune, Mr. Tregaskis observed many actions in Sicily and Italy in the latter half of 1943. Usually only a minute part of the battlefield is described, for the good reason that that is all any observer can see. It is not the wide sweep of armies, but the painful and arduous struggle of small units to advance against the Nazi lines that hold our attention in this book.

The raid on Rome on July 19, 1943, introduced the diarist to the European theater. A few days later he joined the armies fighting in Sicily. His experiences with the American doughboy in mountain warfare in the interior and with the British commandos in the race for Messina along the coast reveal the variety of warfare encountered there. The advance after Salerno, the political warfare in Naples, and finally the fierce struggle south of Cassino are memorable entries in the diary of a devoted and most courageous observer.

This book is not an important contribution to military history since it necessarily leaves untouched many tactical, topographical, and logistical essentials. With notable success, however, it achieves its purpose of depicting the American soldier in the midst of much hard fighting and gives a vivid word picture of the obstacles overcome in the Sicilian and Italian campaigns until the end of 1943. It should give the American people a more realistic idea of the meaning of war.

Allied anti-aircraft fire spins a night web over Nettuno, Italy.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 542)

MENCKEN:
PREJUDICES: GEORGE ADE

No single American novel I can think of shows half the sense of nationality, the keen feeling for national prejudice and peculiarity, the sharp and pervasive Americanism of such Adean fables as "The Good Fairy of the Eighth Ward." . . .

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Francis Ellery's Crusade

RIDE WITH ME. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 595 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

"I BEGAN this story," Mr. Costain tells us in his introduction, "with the sole intent of relating in fiction form the exploits of an unusual soldier who has been allowed to drop out of sight. As the work progressed, however, the glamor and excitement of the Napoleonic period took possession of me and I found myself obsessed with a desire to get down on paper a detailed picture of those exciting days, particularly as I began to realize that the situation which existed then has been reproduced today with amazing faithfulness in even the smallest matters." The author may here exaggerate the extent and exactitude of the historical parallels, but there is no denying their actuality, and in the novel itself he points them up without over-emphasis or distortion, thereby giving a timely coloration to this chronicle of times past. When Napoleon gathers his invasion barges at Boulogne, we see another and even more sinister figure beside him; when Napoleon marches into Russia, we are aware of another star than his, faltering in its fiery course; when we watch the Grand Army perishing on his retreat from Moscow, we regret that another retreat by the same route has so far been less disastrous.

Mr. Costain spins his romantic tale around the figure of Francis Ellery, publisher and part-proprietor of a London newspaper called the *Tablet*—a paper that bears certain resemblances to the early *Times*—and it is largely through the eyes of Frank Ellery, ardent and unwavering admirer of Sir Robert Wilson, that we view events real and fictitious. Frank is a crusader. When Napoleon's shadow falls across the Channel, Frank tries to goad the Government to action, and as a reward for exercising what he conceives to be the rights of a free press he stands in the pillory and goes to Newgate for three months. The hell of Newgate starts him on a new crusade, as, later, do the conditions prevailing in England's military hospitals, where England's fighting men are allowed to rot and die untended. The prison and hospital scenes are, by the way, the best in the author's repertory. Not only a warrior for the right, Frank is also a man of resource and invention: he develops his own news-gathering services when his paper is cut off from official sources of information, he goes himself to the Peninsula and Russia as the first war correspondent of modern times, and he possesses sufficient imagination to permit power presses to be thrust upon him. But, with all these credit lines, he would be nothing in such a romance as "Ride with Me," were he not a devoted lover. And that he is—devoted and patient and long-suffering.

The lady of his heart is Gabrielle de Salle, daughter of one of France's noblest houses, who has grown up in London among refugee royalists. He falls in love with her in 1807, but does not succeed in marrying her until some eight years later, at which date she is a little shopworn. To what extent, exactly, remains debatable. She has certainly had a husband, and she is said to have had lovers, the great Corsican himself among them. Frank, of course, is sure of her innocence, and it would seem that Mr. Costain agrees with him; but such faith does not entirely still the doubts of at least one reviewer who believes that Frank would have done well to heed the volatile Gaby's advice, which was for him to marry her cousin Margot, a girl of great beauty and great wealth, who adored Frank no less constantly than Frank adored Gaby. In any case, the main story-line of "Ride with Me" is the line of Frank's pursuit of Gabrielle through the corridors of history, with many fine shows along the way. It is a line that will be followed with pleasure by those who take their historical fiction

Thomas B. Costain

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A MOTHER GOOSE QUIZ

Presumably everyone is well acquainted with the childhood verses generally known as the Mother Goose nursery rhymes. So, just to check up on your memory, here is a refresher quiz. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 70 is par, 80 is very good, and 90 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 29.

1. Who put pussy in the well?
2. What musical instrument did Mother Hubbard's dog play?
3. What was the occupation of Little Tommy Tittlemouse?
4. For what did Simple Simon fish in his mother's pail?
5. What was the nationality of Taffy, notorious thief of beer and narrow bones?
6. What remedy did Jack apply when he tumbled down hill and broke his crown?
7. Who was urged, in a proposal, to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam?
8. What did Wee Willie Winkie wear?
9. What frightened Miss Muffet?
10. What did the old woman who lived in a shoe feed to her many children?
11. When old King Cole called his fiddlers three, how did they reply?
12. What happened to the bag pudding that King Arthur and his queen were unable to finish?
13. On what day of the week did Solomon Grundy die?
14. What did the knave of hearts steal?
15. How many hairs will make a wig?
16. What gastronomical enticement did Robin Redbreast offer to Jenny Wren?
17. What penalty was given to the three little kittens who lost their mittens?
18. Where did Bobby Shaftoe go?
19. What was stolen by Tom, the piper's son?
20. What time does the ten o'clock scholar arrive?

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by the pound, who demand only that heroines be beautiful and heroes dauntless. But the judicious will, I am sure, mark down "Ride with Me" as a brave but unsuccessful essay in the difficult field of the historical novel.

Evidences of Mr. Costain's industry are manifest on every page, and there is no doubt as to the genuineness of his interest in and enthusiasm for the Napoleonic period, in which his people have such being as he gives them. But industry and interest and enthusiasm are not enough when material is ineffectively organized, when trivial byproducts of research clutter pages, when characters are wooden, when the reader must plod instead of being pulled, when the author scants or shoots around scenes that might have been his biggest. That he has taken in a lot of territory and quite a chunk of history does not suffice, in view of the fact that his central historical figure is only a shadow, and the other figures from life no more than names. We are given glimpses of General Sir Robert Wilson ("Riding Bobby"), to the tale of whose exploits this book was originally dedicated: we see him in the Peninsula, chafing against the caution of Wellington; we see him in Russia, vainly combatting the lethargy of Kutuzof; we see him neglected in London and performing romantic deeds in France—but it all adds up to very little, certainly not to the image of a man and a hero.

En Route to De-Nazification

FURLOUGH. By Franz Hoellering. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

CUT off together with another fellow during a local retreat in Russia, Hans kills that comrade of his because he doesn't stop cursing the war and the Fuehrer. Ransacking the dead man's pockets he finds his furlough permit—which he presently decides to use for his own purpose. But it so happens that Hans has known of that paper's existence before he has pulled the trigger to shoot on the spot, as orders will it, the defeatist grumbler. . . . Thus Mr. Hoellering introduces the central character of his new novel.

The Germany Hans returns to by means of his body-snatched pass is a dismal place: a country shaken by awareness of impending defeat and inescapable dread of the morrow. Incessantly battered from the air, disrupted by endless migration, honeycombed with foreign slaves, it offers no place of abode for the brave Nazi soldier. The battlefield is more of a home to him than is the joyless and shabby workshop into which the Reich's wretched masters have turned the country they promised to lead to unheard-of glory. As to Hans, we soon learn that of his own family he was the only one, ten years earlier, to trust those masters' lofty vistas of future grandeur. His father, the idealistic German schoolteacher *kat'exochen,* has long broken with Hans, while the young man's brother-in-law has himself suffered in a concentration camp and now has nothing but contempt for the furlougher. But in spite of everything, Hans has gone through on the front, and in spite of all he at first sight takes in upon his return, he still sticks to his creed—although, perhaps, no longer so to his trust.

But there is Leni, his girl. It seems she was a good Nazi when Hans left her—if for no other reason because she wanted to believe in what he put so much stock in. When they come to talk again now, she makes no bones about her change of mind. Perhaps primarily moved—the reader is left to guess—by the material discomfort of womenfolk in Naziland, she, too, has now "joined the enemy." "You can go and hand me over to your friends," she says to her bewildered childhood friend, "or you can think a bit of what it all means and come back to me. I'll be waiting for you always."

He does come back to her. For a man who has killed so much as Hans has in Hitler's "peace" and war he is all alone in the end and in dire need of human warmth and love. He wants to forget, and make Leni forget, the war and "everything else." But he does not succeed. Step by step, while Hans tries to close his eyes, his girl is drawn into an underground tragedy in their native village on the former Saxon-Czech border. A Czech child is hunted to death by a S.S. unit under the command of Hans's old Party crony; the town priest—who is about to marry the two—is killed, and Leni's peasant aunt is put on the executioner's block. Yet it takes much, much more to do away with the stubborn remnants of Hans's own Nazidom.

That "more" makes for a swift-moving, action-packed, and at times poignant story which keeps the reader well in suspense and is likely to satisfy his hope for a de-Nazification of Germany's killers.

The Calabrians Of New York

WE RIDE A WHITE DONKEY. By George Panetta. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1944. 186 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THESE stories about an Italian family in slum New York are mildly reminiscent of Saroyan's Armenians, but they have less humor and in places they are hard-boiled beyond the justification of art. The Mama of the Calabrian family is generally a sympathetic character but her flock is less appetizing. Americanized Italians in general do not count on their wives' earnings as a conventional resource nor is conjugal mayhem a commonplace among those in the sixty-dollar-a-week class. Italians of those incomes usually become punctiliously middle-class Americans—depending to some extent, of course, on their particular Italian stock.

The chosen Caparuta who tells these stories is one of seven children afflicted by various mental or physical afflictions. George's is nothing worse than the horses, but that mania keeps him in trouble with his Jewish wife in most of the sketches; the lady throws lamps, or anything. All of the Caparuta men, *père et fils,* are tremendously jealous, from Papa, the immigrant, who suspects that the milkman's bill is a billet-doux, to P. J., the oldest brother, who is scientific but never finds out who "Robert" is, just the same. The fatal weakness of this sketch is that neither does his wife nor the reader.

Much the best story in the book is the last one where George's wife, after listening to ten years of philoprogenitive Caparutas, decides to have a baby and comes a cavewoman on the reluctant and irresponsible George. George takes the next day telling his relatives that he is about to become a father—in nine months. When he returns to tell his wife that he has arranged with a brother for a carriage and with a talkative sister for a doctor he sees her looking for something to throw and is relieved to see that there is no knife handy.

TO HELL WITH TREES

By Jan Struther

I'LL never see, where'er I roam,
A tree as lovely as a pome.
A tree is just a thing that growed—
But only Man can make an ode.

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Guide to Government Grumbling

THE BUREAUCRAT. By John Crider. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 343 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

FROM the cramped new defense warrens of Arlington to the expensive defense quarters of Georgetown and Kalorama Road the word can now be whispered excitedly in Washington that the wartime bureaucrats have found a friend. He is a strange friend and the more valuable, therefore. Indeed, it is important that ostensibly he has lifted the most substantial voice yet in hue and cry. More than anyone else he has collected the minutiae of denunciation, put together every conceivable item of irritation, and made a whole book as a sort of standard guide for grumbling against people who work for the Government.

That would seem a poor basis for appreciation in the bureaus. Actually it is the thing which makes John H. Crider, author of "The Bureaucrat," important to Government workers in the war. Nobody can accuse Mr. Crider of unduly coddling or cajoling those who work in the offices and plants of the Government at war. Mr. Crider establishes himself as the man who hates bureaucracy from Sparta and Jerusalem at the time of Christ, through the bumbledoms of France and England as described by Balzac and Dickens, to this hour in America. Also Mr. Crider is all inclusive in this hour. He limits himself neither to Washington nor the Federal Government. The bureaucrats he dislikes include a cop in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a lady license collector for the free state of Maryland. Certainly Mr. Crider deserves the credibility of those political and personal complainers who are so bound up by overregulation in wartime that all they can do is make more money than they ever hoped to make before and indulge in such a freedom of screaming as was hardly ever duplicated in any other land or in this one at any other time.

For that reason, especially, bureaucrats can lift their bloody heads in his presence and even smile at him with their so steadily smacked pusses. They know the value of this witness. They can be even grateful for his stones in exchange for his description of the proportions of the job they have been helping to do under an unceasing barrage of stones. Some of them know as participants the mistakes which he describes as critic. Most of them know people in the Government—indeed have to work with them—who are, as Mr. Crider says, "obnoxious." It takes a lot of people to meet the specifications of the job directed by the Government today which Mr. Crider thus describes:

> The last war was fought almost entirely on a single land front in Europe, and in a single ocean, the Atlantic. In this war we are fighting all over the world, in every continent and sea. In World War I we were at war for nineteen months. We are considerably beyond that point in this war already, and the end is not yet in sight as this is written. Our armed forces are already twice the size of the total force we mustered in the last war. A good measure of the difference in scale is cost. In the last war we spent about $36,000,000,000. From June, 1940, through December, 1943, our war obligations amounted to $264,000,000,000 or nearly eight times as much as the total cost of the first world struggle. Monthly war expenditures in 1918 were around $2,000,000,000. In this war they are running in the vicinity of $8,000,000,000. Our industrial production is nearly three times as great as in the last war. One half of the total national product is going into war, twice as great as the proportion that was devoted to waging the last war. We spent about $3,000,000,000 for manufacturing facilities in the last war—about $20,000,000,000 in this. Then we were mainly supplied by our Allies, while this time we are, in fact, not only the "arsenal of democracy," but the main bread basket of the Allied world as well.

To this description of the present job Mr. Crider, who still fears beyond it an America of individuals subordinated to the state, adds his judgment that "this was a truly magnificent performance, worthy of the finest stuff of which Americans are made." But Mr. Crider, as willing witness, goes even further than that.

> What the American nation did to win this war [he says] will be so impressive when future histories are written that only the students of political science and public administration will be concerned with the irksome blunderings which are so much in our minds in 1944.

At least a little bit of that perspective would be helpful now. Certainly no sensible man in the Government—and each of us knows at least one or two such men—would suggest that the business in which the Government undertook to arm itself and the democratic world, to feed it and fight with it, to maintain economic stability at home, all the while maintaining those liberties which include the right to denounce off-hand and as a body those Americans directing the job, was accomplished without mistake. It was, however, about time that some critic of the details, which will only interest graduate students in the future, said, as Mr. Crider has said, that even the bureaucrats have accomplished "a truly magnificent performance."

—Photo by Harris & Ewing.

John H. Crider

All they have done with all their faults has been to direct the best conducted war in the history of America. All their blunders add up to is the salvation of the free world at its darkest hour. It might be added, of course, that this result beyond all irritations was accomplished while Americans as a whole were better fed than at any time in peace or in war in the history of the nation. That's all.

In effect that is the final testimony of Mr. Crider. And while his is more honest than some others, that is in effect the final fact implicit in the testimony of other critics who somehow do not ever get around to saying it.

No sensible bureaucrat will object to Mr. Crider's declaration of his fears about big government in the future. A lot of them, I know, are now planning to reduce the size of government by at least one each when America can blow the horn of victory. Not many of them will care if that future historian of Mr. Crider's forgets them along with the irritations of the easily irritated and the deliberately irritated now. But they will keep a pride in what a democracy can do when it is called so swiftly to assume the greatest governmental job ever required or dreamed by man.

Thanks, Mr. Crider. If any bureaucrat asks me, I'll tell him that the place to send the candy and the cake and the flowers is *The New York Times* Bureau in the Albee Building in Washington, D. C.

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Strictly Personal...

A STILL SMALL VOICE SPEAKS AND IS ANSWERED BY A LOUD MEDIOCRITY

I WAS much interested in reading Benedetto Croce's "Germany and Europe,"* which consists merely of four short essays, translated, with an introduction by Vincent Sheean. As an admirer of Croce, both for his uncompromising and philosophically grounded stand against fascism, and for his work, with which I have some familiarity, I was anxious to learn what a spirit so lofty, objective, and knowledgable might have to say about Germany, past, present, and future, in a world where opinions on the subject are largely preëmpted by opportunistic exploiters of war-time sufferings and psychoses, whose zeal is only matched by their ignorance, mediocrity, and irrationality.

I thought it would be a pleasure to read the ideas of one who was never seduced, as were so many in all countries, by the theories of fascism, who suffered greatly from it, and has seen his country go down to ruin through it, while retaining at all times a serene confidence in its transitory nature.

And, indeed, it was a pleasure, like drinking from a clean cool spring after ditch water, or moving from a babelous market place into a quiet study where reason still reigns.

Not that the essays offer any blueprint for the future peace. They do but elevate a spirit and attempt to correct some current extravagances in the popular judgment of Germany, which, in Croce's opinion contain within themselves much that is itself dangerously fascistic and Nazi.

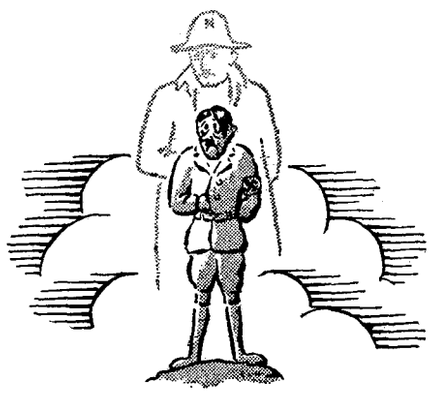
Having read the little book I was equally interested to read the reviews of it. I found a remarkable similarity among them. All treat it with respect, as is due one of the greatest figures in European thought and a politically guiltless man of estimable character. But all dismiss it, too, as irrelevant somehow. It is clear that the book embarrasses them by failing to echo or ratify current tendencies of thinking on the German question.

Professor Irwin Edman's review, in the book section of the *Herald Tribune Books,* particularly arrested my attention, by reason of his being a philosopher, or at least a professor of philosophy. Professor Edman, after paying the conventional tribute to the author, falls into the very fallacy which Croce's essays are written to oppose—and, incidentally, without revealing this fact about them. "Croce," he says, "is very traditionally German, very much a follower of Hegel."

(Since Professor Edman elsewhere criticizes Croce's style in writing, it is not entirely inapropos to wrinkle a nose at Professor Edman's two adverbs, "very traditionally.")

Now, Croce's main thesis is that thought, and systems of ideas, cannot reasonably be endowed with nationality. Hegel must be judged as Hegel, not as a German, and the truth or falsehood of his thoughts and conclusions evaluated in the light of reason. In that light Croce finds much to admire in Hegel and much to condemn as well, as anyone who has read more Croce than is within the covers of this little book well knows. In this very book Croce says, "I have always smiled at the qualification of 'Hegelian' which has been pinned on me, not only because the qualificatory adjectives of all the other thinkers I had likewise studied should have been added, but also because I perceived in such qualification the mental habit of putting writers into some sort of pigeon hole, which is already known, judged, and condemned, so as to . . . throw off the fatigue of trying to understand them."

Croce certainly anticipated the "mental habits" of Professor Edman, for this is exactly what he does. He attaches the word "Hegelian" to Croce, putting him thus in a pigeon hole "already condemned," and without qualifying the title by what Croce—if Professor Edman wants to pin "Germanism" on him—undoubtedly also owes to that most un-Hegelian philosopher, Immanuel Kant. For certainly Croce could as well be called Kantian as Hegelian. Professor Edman thus throws off the fatigue of having to understand why Benedetto Croce has such very different ideas on Germany from Rex Stout, Lord Robert Van Sittart, Sumner Welles, or Professor Edman.



Apparently Croce thoroughly understands the intellectual processes of most political propagandists and professors of philosophy.

Croce pays tribute to German contributions to nearly every branch of European thought and method. But Croce does not see the life of the mind in national terms. Ideas, and all that flows from ideas, such as political and social systems, and concepts of morality as translated into personal and group behaviors, cannot, he maintains, be evaluated according to their national genesis but only in the light of reason and experience. The giving of a nationality to an idea—like *"Deutsche Treue," "Deutsche Grossmut,"* etc.—like the monopolizing of virtues for a nationality is a Nazi concept. For in Nazism the Nation, or Folk, or Race is the genesis of everything, including thought, the Alpha and Omega of life. "All that is not race is dross," said Hitler, and by that token Spinoza is an idiot because he was a Jew—or Hegel is to be pigeon-holed and condemned because he was a German.

THIS is the great and basic heresy of Nazism from which most of its other aberrations stem, and, according to Croce, we shall be in a bad way if we accept it as a stick to beat the Germans with, however much they deserve the beating.

Croce, who admits his debt to German, Italian, French, and English philosophy, recognizes the debt that Germans have owed to the English and the French and vice versa. If Croce is "Hegelian," so, certainly was Karl Marx, who was a student of Hegel's and took his entire logistics from Hegel. He both added and subtracted from Hegel, as Croce has done. That is not tantamount to saying that the Soviet Union, which acknowledges Marx as its spiritual founder, is the prototype of Hegel's "Prussian State." Neither is Nazi Germany the prototype of Hegel's State. As Shaw once remarked, "Any street walker can call herself a Daughter of Joy."

Ideas, when emanating from the brains of genius, with the power to create in reason and imagination, structures and systems, have a life transcendent to nations. They are fecund, producing new ideas, new structures. A thesis has power even by the creation of its antithesis, and thesis and antithesis often work toward new syntheses. This concept is Hegelian, and is true or not true, but certainly cannot be condemned and pigeon-holed because Hegel was a German.

Croce points out that Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" "found its elements in the English theorists on taste and genius. . . . And Shaftesbury, Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Roberts,

**GERMANY AND EUROPE. By Benedetto Croce. New York: Random House. 1944. 83 pp. $1.25.*

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and Gibbon were masters for German moralists and historians."

Nazism, also, finds its clearest intellectual origins in two non-Germans, the Frenchman, Gobineau, and the Briton, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. A lot of Nazi theory stems directly from Darwinism and the "Survival of the Fittest."

The American thinkers who furnished the intellectual case for the war of rebellion against Great Britain were immeasurably influenced by British thought. The mental personality of Jefferson is inconceivable without Bacon and Locke. German philosophers immensely influenced Ralph Waldo Emerson. That doesn't make Emerson first cousin to a Nazi. Although to Rousseau we owe many of our concepts of social freedom, to Rousseau, and the ideas which he put into the universe, the Nazis owe many of their ideas about blood and soil and the virtue of barbarity. Thus it goes, and in the realm of ideas we are all members one of another, whether we like it or not.

Thus, it seems to me, Croce argues that, although Naziism is something to be opposed, fought against, and destroyed, one cannot destroy Germany or condemn her in toto, without at once destroying part of oneself. For to Croce, as to Immanuel Kant, there is an indivisible Humanity. Or, to quote John Donne:

> No man is an iland of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the sea, Europe is the leese, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or thine owne were; any man's death diminshes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee.

Within the German tradition, as Croce knows, it is possible to find as strong opponents to the ideas of Naziism as anywhere else. Professor Edman asks skeptically, "Are these German devotees of our ideals in Germany or out of it?" It is an odd question, to me, to be put by a Professor of Philosophy who does not define "our" ideals. Are "our" ideals those of Abraham Lincoln? They are certainly not, south of the Mason and Dixon line, nor did they triumph without compromise in the Democratic convention in Chicago, nor are they present in the transport worker's strike in Philadelphia. Are our ideas of education Jefferson's ideas? Then why have we never put them into operation? Are British ideas about India Burke's? Every British school child reads him, but he has been more honored in the breach than the observance. Yet these ideas are part of us, even in lip-service and even in eclipse.

Certainly there are Germans in Germany who hold to the ideas of Kant, or he would not have lived on in German universities for a century and half. Naziism and the current behavior of the German State can be condemned root and branch out of the mouths of Kant, Kleist, Leibnitz, Goethe, and Hoelderlin, who are read and believed in by Germans—some Germans—to the present moment. That Germans do not act consistently, as a social and political body, in the spirit of their greatest thinkers is little wonder. Neither do other countries.

A German, Immanuel Kant, might throw some light on why they don't, at least a little more than they do.

> The world's improvement depends chiefly on individuals and private endeavors and not so much on governments as some think, since experience teaches us that the ultimate aim of governments is not the promotion of the world's good, but rather the well-being of their own states, through which they hope to attain their own individual ends. Many a ruler still looks upon his people only as part of the Kingdom of Nature . . . and wishes them to have ability but solely to make them better instruments for the accomplishment of his own purposes. Individuals, however, should reflect upon the development of Humanity, and see to it that it becomes not only skillful but moral, and try to advance posterity further than they themselves have gone, which is the most difficult of all.

Professor Edman ends his review with the remark, "They (the essays of Croce) are not very important as advice on post-war Europe." I am quite sure that Professor Edman is correct, but I can only say the greater the pity. Peace-makers have rarely listened to philosophers, which is probably one reason why we never get peace, but sow in each new arrangement of power the seeds for the next war. Germany will be defeated but a lot of Nazi ideas will be even more thoroughly internationalized, and by persons who little dream of what they are doing.

Nevertheless, all over the world, there will be cousins of the spirit, who, like Croce, have concern for Humanity and Truth. Probably they will never triumph, but they will at least, we hope, compel governments to assume a few virtues which they otherwise might not have.

DOROTHY THOMPSON.

Remembering William Ellery Leonard

(DIED MAY 2, 1944)

By Gerard Previn Meyer

1.

"HE died at the stake, as every gentleman
Must die." We smiled to hear the way he spoke,
With such inveterate relish: and there ran
Through all our thoughts: "He loves his little joke,
His wry wit, lovingly prepared, and flung
Into his listeners' faces, to astound
With the eccentric brilliance of his tongue,
The humor faintly acid, yet profound."
And only one remembered how this jester
Once on a time had been the public scorn,
Pilloried for an innocence of fault,
Until he learned that even wounds would fester
A little less, if on the light laugh borne,
Thus to ride out the tide of time's assault.

2.

Perhaps the thing was planned: for had he not
Suffered, and for no fault, the tide of hate
That nearly drowned him once, then the dry rot
Of pedant passage through the scholar's state
Had crumbled him. But since he too had known
The contumely, the look that turned aside
From the pariah: too, had been alone,
He became kinsman to the souls that cried
Out of the shadows: the innocent, the scorned,
The injured of the earth, the castaways,
All who had suffered or were suffering:
At every death they died, his music mourned
And wreathed them with his pity and his praise.
He understood: he too had borne the sting.

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GOOD NEWS—AT LAST

AFTER almost uninterrupted grousing and grumbling on this page about censorship of one kind or another, we are happy to report the prospect of an imminent victory of impressive dimensions. We refer here to the fight over Title V of the Soldiers Vote Act, under which the Army banned for distribution among our fighting men a number of books in the Armed Services Editions issued by the Council on Books in Wartime. A bill to amend Title V was introduced in Congress on August 1—within a few moments after Congress convened—and last week all opposition to the bill was cleared away when leaders of both parties pledged their support to its immediate passage.

Actually, two bills had been prepared, although only one had been submitted. This bill was the joint product of Senator Scott Lucas, of Illinois, and Senator Theodore F. Green, of Rhode Island. The other bill was written by Senator Robert A. Taft, of Ohio, in line with his promise to a group of publishers, authors, and editors at a luncheon meeting held under the auspices of *The Saturday Review* several weeks ago. By way of background, it might also be pointed out that opponents of Title V feared that a necessary liberalizing amendment might be suffocated in endless partisan debate. Obviously the only way the bill could be amended rapidly was through non-partisan action. This was accomplished when Senator Taft agreed to support the Green-Lucas bill, following a series of conferences last week between the three Senators and Army officials, at which several suggestions by Senator Taft were incorporated into the Green-Lucas amendment.

The Saturday Review has been assured by the Army that the liberalizing amendment, as presently constituted, will take care of practically all the Army's needs in administering its vast educational and informational program. It will have the effect of removing the Army's present shackles in handling newspapers, magazines, books, and motion pictures. As a specific matter, the Army is ready to rescind its ban on "Yankee from Olympus," by Catherine Drinker Bowen, and "The Republic," by Charles A. Beard, among other Council on Books in Wartime selections. We are assured, too, that the new amendment will make it possible for the Army to distribute virtually any book enjoying general circulation in the United States.

The Army has also withdrawn its objections to the motion picture "Wilson," a distinguished new film of uncommon value. The impression has been given in the Army's latest statement concerning the film that "Wilson" had never been banned in the first place. Yet whatever the precise nature of the Army's initial action against "Wilson," the fact remains that the Army has put itself on record in declaring that the picture has not been rejected. The fact also remains that, under the new amendment, "Wilson" is amply protected.

Still a third item of interest on the Army censorship front concerns the stamp of approval finally given to *The Saturday Review* for Army post distribution. Several weeks ago, Army officials drew up a list of 189 "approved" magazines for soldier posts. The list, it was announced, had been based on soldier preferences, although this system was not clearly described. Of the total number, almost two-thirds consisted of comic strip and adventure story magazines. *The Saturday Review, The Nation,* and *The New Republic* were missing from the list. The editors of *The Saturday Review* did not protest its exclusion, nor did they seek clarification from the Army, either as to the list or the soldier preference system, since the magazine's main battle was over Title V of the Soldiers Vote Act, and the editors did not want to create the impression that their action was motivated by self-interest. But now that the Army has added all three magazines to the overall list, we feel free in reporting the episode and its outcome.

We expect that the Green-Lucas-Taft amendment to Title V, while it should have no difficulty in immediate passage, may not have the support of all liberals. There is an honest difference of opinion here. Those who will oppose the amendment may do so, we expect, on the grounds that it does not *repeal* Title V, that it only *amends* it, and that it continues "restrictive" legislation upon what soldiers may read or hear, however much more generous in its terms the new bill may be than the old.

For our part, however, we are supporting the bill, and welcome this opportunity to give our reasons. The original Title V caused the Army to water down all its manifold informational activities to the point where the average soldier, as we reported in an earlier editorial, was in danger of being isolated in an idea-proof contamination ward. The Army, declaring it had been admonished to "leave it out when in doubt," said the severity of its interpretation was inevitable considering the wording of the law. Senator Taft, author of the bill, protested the Army's interpretation, and said that the primary purpose of the bill was to prevent the Government from *purchasing* political campaign literature in an election year. The bill, however, according to the Army, went far beyond that.

At that point, the big question was whether Title V could be liberalized sufficiently to enable the Army to keep open the flow of news and reading material to the soldier. Outright repeal of Title V was of course preferable. In fact, it would have been wonderful. But there is no point in deluding ourselves. There was no prospect of getting a repeal bill introduced in Congress; yet even granting that such a bill were introduced and that it could survive committee wrangling, the chances are that it would be kicked about interminably, if not thrown out altogether. Besides, so long as a large bloc in Congress insisted its purpose was to prevent Government funds from being used to spread political campaign literature among the fighting men, it was difficult to wage a winning fight against that particular argument. The big fight was to prevent practically *all* reading material from being classified as campaign literature. This the Green-Lucas bill does. And it does it in a clear-cut way that makes it impossible for such books as Mrs. Bowen's or Dr. Beard's to be rejected, or such pictures as "Wilson" to be barred. And this, we take it, was the basis of the controversy in the first place.

This is no apology. There is nothing to apologize about. We are supporting a measure which liberalizes an illiberal law. To do otherwise would be to prolong the very situation we have been fighting to correct. The important thing is that at last the growing and ominous trend in censorship has been reversed. With this momentum, we shall be in a better position to fight the *Esquire* and "Strange Fruit" cases, as well as a new outbreak in Boston over another book, "The History of Rome Hanks." But about that, more next week.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Letter from Senator Taft

SIR: My attention has been called to the editorial in *The Saturday Review* for July 29 regarding the luncheon attended by a number of publishers, Army officers, and myself, and I request that you publish this correction of some of the statements attributed to me.

I did not make any categorical statement regarding the voting by soldiers abroad, as reported in the editorial. I did not say that I "was opposed to voting by soldiers in the national election, since they were out of touch with the country, lacking knowledge of issues and candidates, and would quite naturally vote for their Commander-in-Chief."

I am not opposed to soldiers' voting and I have voted for all the measures to make that voting possible, the only dispute being one as to method.

I cannot remember the exact words used in my informal discussion, but the substance of my argument to which you refer was as follows:

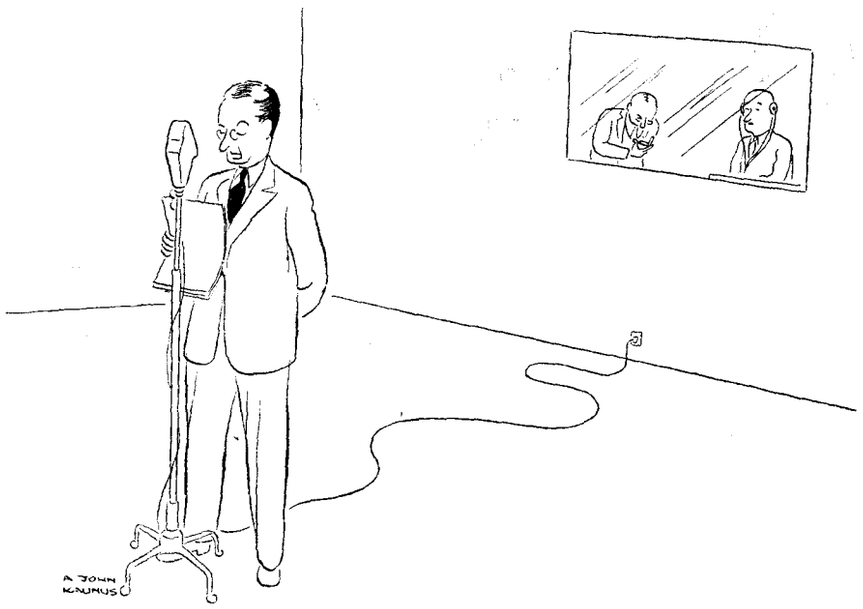
"The soldiers abroad are completely cut off from all the normal means of communication. They cannot obtain the daily newspapers as can voters in the United States. They can only read what the Government writes for them in the servicemen's magazines and newspapers, or furnishes them in Government printed books and magazines. They are unable to see or hear the candidates, except perhaps the Presidential candidates, on the radio, and the candidates are unable to bring their arguments to them. Strictly speaking, under the principles of democratic government, men to whom the issues cannot be presented should not vote in an election. But, of course, all of us are in favor of such voting. Therefore, we must act to get as much information as possible to the soldiers through the Government channels, but at the same time require absolute impartiality and the absence of political propaganda."

I also pointed out that I was opposed to leaving to the Army complete power to dispense to the soldiers anything which they might think would improve the soldiers' morale. I pointed out that any such a principle might well be used to advertise and build up the Commander-in-Chief, on the ground that confidence in the Commander-in-Chief is an essential feature of morale. For the first time in history we have a Commander-in-Chief running for reelection himself, completely controlling the distribution of all general information which goes to millions of voters. I pointed out also that largely because of this supposed upbuilding of morale, perhaps 75 per cent of the soldiers who voted abroad, while they were shut off from normal communication, might vote for Roosevelt.

This, of course, was only incident to the argument to show the importance of requiring complete impartiality in the distribution of books, magazines, and newspapers in regions where the supply is necessarily limited.

ROBERT A. TAFT.

Washington, D. C.



"Try 'less-pep,' the new breakfast food. In tune with the times. Kills the appetite, slows digestion, makes your food ration coupons last longer."

"Treason"

SIR: Struthers Burt attacks my review of Robert Gessner's "Treason" by defending the Founding Fathers. They need no defense, and certainly neither the novelist nor I was presumptious enough to criticize them. Mr. Burt brands as dangerous nonsense my statement that Philadelphia was a notorious Loyalist center, that in Boston and New York most of the upper class opposed the war, and that in Pennsylvania the majority of people of all classes consistently opposed independence.

Since neither Mr. Burt nor I were living at the time of the Revolution, we both depend on what we read for our notions; so it becomes largely a matter of what history d'ya read? In the third volume of his "History of the United States," Channing estimates the population in 1776 as 3,000,000, of whom only 1,200,000 were rebels. There are Washington's grim letters, particularly the one written at Valley Forge on December 23, 1777, to the President of Congress. (Woodward asserts that of 9,000 troops at Valley Forge, 3,000 deserted to the British during that desperate winter.)

In "The Epic of America," James Truslow Adams recalls that John Adams admitted that only a third of the people wanted a revolution. Adams says further, "In Boston the upper class, almost without exception, were strongly opposed to it, and more than half the upper class throughout the whole colony. It was the same in New York, where the bulk of the property owners were Loyalists. In Pennsylvania, a majority of all the people were not only against war and independence in the beginning, but remained so throughout the struggle."

This reviewer never implied that our country "was founded by rascals, marplots, and the dispossessed." Every reader of history knows that the sterling character of Washington, Franklin, Morris, Paine, and other "Fathers" helped make our struggle for independence successful.

RICHARD A. CORDELL.

Lafayette, Indiana.

Re "Cranial" Binding

SIR: In your Letters to the Editor" of July 22, 1944, Mr. Chester Pear wants to raise our hair and eyebrows by asking: "Did you ever hear that a certain Paris bookbinder used nothing but human skin? . . ."

Well—I didn't only hear it, but I have seen and held in my hands quite a number of volumes bound in human skin—in England, France, Austria.

The fact is, that no bookbinder—not even a French master of his craft, during the revolution—could use "nothing but" human skin.

He and his colleagues did it occasionally as a stunt of doubtful taste, never in quantities and never using skin from the head (which is obviously not very suitable—hairy sometimes, etc.). Skin from chest or abdomen was better for such purpose (and the navel made a nice central ornament on one of the volumes I saw. . . .)

Human skin, I regret to report, looks very much like pig skin, tough,

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brownish, and with distinct pores. And it was never cheap either. . . .

K. S. SAFRANSKI.

Larchmont, N. Y.

Apropos Censorship

SIR: In the *SRL* for July 15, William T. Matchett has shown that "Boston Is Afraid of Books."

It may be of interest to recall something of the reception accorded "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." In the autumn of 1884 an engraving in that volume was so altered that it became improperly suggestive. Later, on the ground that "Huckleberry Finn" would endanger the morale of the young, the Library Committee at Concord, Massachusetts, excluded the book, whereby it became a *cause célèbre*. The latter action was recognized by Mark Twain as "a rattling tip-top puff" which would "sell 25,000 copies for us sure." About four years ago A. L. Vogelbeck discussed the matter in *American Literature* and about two years ago Bernard DeVoto mentioned the point of information in the introduction to his edition of "Huckleberry Finn."

I recall also that "McTeague," by Frank Norris, was criticized for the accident that happens to Owgooste, an event deleted from subsequent editions; but does any *SRL* reader know exactly why? I'd like to know.

To paraphrase Emerson, every censored book enlightens the world.

MORRISS H. NEEDLEMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chambrun as Witness

SIR: The letter of Francis Steegmuller in your July 8 issue anent my review of Theodore Draper's "The Six Weeks War" has just fallen on my attention. The Chambrun I referred to was indeed René de Chambrun and the book I meant was "I Saw France Fall."

I do not in the least understand why I should not describe him as a capital witness to military events because he happens to be fascist minded. It seems to me that Mr. Steegmuller's letter exhibits the dangerous heresy that a man has to have political opinions of one particular sort in order to bear witness on a technical subject. This, if you ask me, is precisely one of the reasons why France fell and why the democracies found themselves in a struggle for existence when the war began—that is they paid too little attention in the days before the war to the military technical writing in Germany. As several writers in the *Infantry Journal* have pointed out the whole plan of the blitzkrieg had been set before us in such publications as *Militär Wochenblatt* well before the war began, but nobody paid any attention to it because it was written by fascists.

I maintained in the review and still do that to get a true picture of any military operation evidence from both sides is required.

FLETCHER PRATT.

New York City

G.B.S. Issue

SIR: May I thank you for what is perhaps one of the finest and most important issues of American periodicals to be published in some years. I am referring, of course, to the special issue on George Bernard Shaw. So convinced am I that this particular number will become a collector's item which will be worth at least $50 per copy in ten years, that I am buying up every number I can put my hands on.

WILLIAM S. BRIGHT.

TO VOTE OR NOT TO VOTE

SIR:

To vote or not to vote, that is the question,
Crystal clear and uncompounded of chicanery.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to confiscate
The soldier vote and liquidate the hapless threat
Of Roosevelt's sure election,
Or to suffer the risk that honest voting
Would sure involve and lose what chance I have
By being on the level with the boys in uniform
There's the respect that makes calamity of
My hot ambition, that puts ambition on the spot
And makes the spotted leopard spotless by comparison.
For who would take an honest chance on anything
Except an honest man who could afford the honesty.
And honesty is simply not indigenous in this
Elephantine mess of sordid politics that is
The only ground in which my high ambition can
Take root and grow, if root and grow it can.
Oh why was I so cursed with this ambition
To gang along with all that's wrong and worst
In life when life itself was coming clean
On every fighting front the wide world over,
When everywhere our G. I. boys were fighting clean
And dying clean that we might have a clean
And wholesome world to live in, a human world
Where sophistry, chicanery, hypocrisy should be
No more the inhumanity of life, the misery of man,
The aggressor's greed, the tyrant's imbecility,
The profit-snatching, power-crazy arrogance
Of maniacs whose brutal inhibitions
Have always been the base and cause
Of every idiotic war!
Alas and then alack! Alack and then alas!
Thou hast forsworn thyself, Thomass,
Thou hast forsworn thyself!
Oh Thomass, Thomass, Thomass,
Thou hast betrayed thyself!
How shall I sleep hereafter,
How shall I sleep and dream!
Methinks a voice, a still small voice within my soul,
Must surely cry "they vote no more, they vote no more,
For Dewey hath murdered votes, hath murdered votes!
Not by the thousands but by the multi-millions,
And millions now will haunt these dreams of mine!
Votes, votes, votes, Dewey hath murdered votes!
And what if they come back, these fighting G. I. boys,
These multi-million votes, with pointing fingers
Like pointing bayonets of accusation that stab
The mind relentlessly and point the way to madness!
What if they come back, these boys that I betrayed!
Oh out damned spot! I never calculated this,
I never calculated this! Or did I calculate
And did not calculate aright, or did not know
How base my calculations were! Oh how was I to know
So young in life, so unsophisticate,
So immature in all this guile of politics,
So trustful of the men who took me in
And made me one of them, or made me theirs!
Was Hoover ever worth all this, or that vile gang
That hides behind McCormick and ramifies
To every lair of greed, to every den of foul chicanery,
To all that's worst in guile of putrid politics!
Oh Wendell, Wendell, Wendell! I simply cannot live
Without you! I simply must be saved and only you
Can save me now! Oh only you can save,
Can save me from my dreadful self,
My dreadful, dreadful self!
Ambition's debts are far too great a load
For me to carry by myself! I never had your strength!
Oh do not now forsake me! I need you so, I need you so!
And you were one of us four years ago!
So so we thought, or so we thought!
If now you have developed strength of character,
A moral fibre that is not mine, an honesty of mind,
An intellect of staunch integrity, unswerving in
Your high resolve to be your own true self
Through thick and thin of all this sordid mess,
Why then 'tis all of this I need in my menage.
I need it, Wendell, desperately do I need it all!
As I need YOU! So do not now forsake me
Or surely will I hear this voice within me
Cry votes, votes, votes! Dewey hath murdered votes!
If conscience does make cowards of us all
And coward conscience sickens on a sickly thought,
To what sick thought of conscience am I doomed!
Oh Wendell, Wendell, Wendell!
Except you rescue me, I am undone, I am undone!
Oh Wendell, Wendell, Wendell!!!

HORACE CASSELBERRY.

New York City

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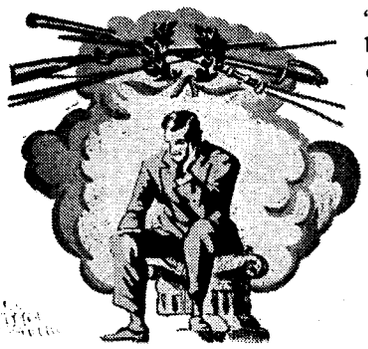

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by JOSEPH STANLEY PENNELL

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NOTES FROM Chapel Hill

WHAT are the prospects for a more reasonable, a more just international order after the present war? Do the people of the United States understand today, any better than they did in 1919, what kinds of arrangements between nations will be most likely to promote just and peaceful relations?

Surely if one kind of arrangement is not as good as another, there should be more public interest in discovering what arrangements would be best and how they can be put into effect. Such questions cannot safely be left to Congress and the Administration. If the country does not make up its mind, or if what it decides on isn't workable, the government may make commitments, but it won't be able to keep them. What is the meaning of the fact that stories of heroism in physical combat have crowded the best seller lists while such an excellent and thorough work as Rappard's *Quest for Peace* (Harvard — sorry it isn't Chapel Hill) doesn't arouse any interest in the reading public? What is likely to happen in the absence of widespread understanding and determination on this subject?

Keeping commitments is, of course, just as important as making the right ones. How many of us realize that after the first world war this country was the first to provide other nations with excuses for breaking their agreements?

It isn't possible to put all the blame on the politicians. They can't give the people government much better than the people are willing to accept. There cannot be any doubt, not even a shadow, that if the United States had entered the League of Nations and had carried responsibility commensurate with its power, there might have been plenty of trouble but no second world war.

And why did the United States not enter the League? How many of us bothered ourselves with this question in the lush 20's — or even in the darkening 30's when the signs of war to come were clear and unmistakable?

The story of this country's effort, during and after the first world war, to establish a workable method of maintaining peace is now told by Ruhl J. Bartlett in his book *The League to Enforce Peace* ($2.50). If you want to see how political manipulation and chicanery defeated the will of the people, how the people allowed themselves to be betrayed—and rewarded their betrayers with high office — and how the basis was laid for the second world war, you'll read this book.

The University of North Carolina Press

TRADE Winds

A RECENT NOTE in Trade Winds about the increasing number of literary ghosts who are haunting Publishers' Row these days inspired Vincent Starrett to dash off the following paragraphs.

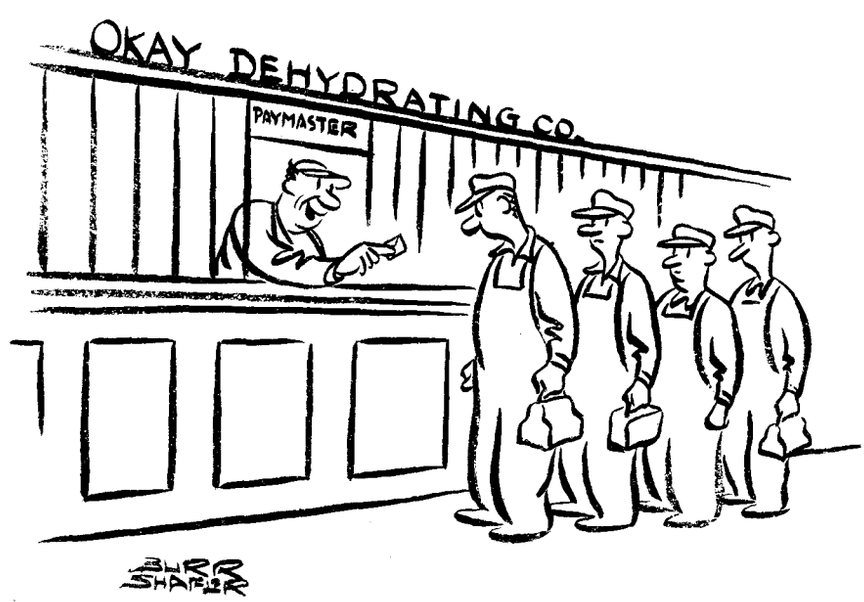
Ghost writing, says Starrett, is as old as literature itself. The author of the "Gallic Wars," one Julius Caesar —remember?—is asserted to have had a number of ghostly assistants in the preparation of his wearisome Latin textbook, but modern instances are more amusing. The great Dr. Johnson, in times of stress, is known to have written pulpit discourses for various clergymen of his day; his modest fee was one guinea per sermon. He once estimated that he had written some forty in all, and agreed that all were lost to the world; he had kept no copies of them. "I have been paid for them all," he said simply, "and have no right to inquire about them."

In the same period, it is recorded, a certain Sir John Hill contracted with a publisher, for fifty guineas, to translate an important work on insects, from the Dutch, but, knowing no Dutch, farmed out the job to another translator for twenty-five guineas. The second man, equally ignorant, passed it on to a competent hack for twelve guineas—a masterpiece of business, or chicanery, or something.

The nineteenth century produced Alexandre Dumas, who tossed off some 1,200 published works. It is obvious that he could not have written them all without assistance, and it is notorious that he employed no fewer than a dozen ghosts. He founded a fiction factory that is still one of the wonders of literature. Most talented of his ghostly collaborators was Auguste Maquet, who projected and in part wrote the immortal "The Three Musketeers." It was the genius of Dumas, however, that made the book a masterpiece. At the height of his remarkable career, the great Alexandre is said to have met his son, also a writer, at somebody's dinner party, and to have asked a paternal question: "Have you read my latest story?"

"No, sir," answered Alexandre Dumas *fils*. "Have you?" . . .

THE COMFORTABLE publishing offices of Messrs. William Collins, at 48 Pall Mall, London, occupied for more than a quarter of a century, have been ruined by a robot bomb. When the war began in 1939, the Pall Mall property was one of five owned and operated by the Collins firm. Every one of them has now been obliterated. . . . And some American publishers complain because their paper quota has been cut! . . . An editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* asked Stuart Cloete what was new in his life these days. "Nothing," he retorted. Asked to elaborate briefly, it developed that Mr. Cloete (a) had just finished a book, "Against These, Three," which, he said, was a biography of Paul Kruger, Cecil Rhodes, and Lobengula, last king of the Matabele (I don't know, either; you'd better read the book), and (b) had acquired one kinkajou (honey bear), one troupial (bugle bird), one clarino (a South American bird), a



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toucan, a parakeet, a white mouse, two canaries, a dog, and a wife. "All live together in amity in a New York City penthouse overlooking the Martin Beck Theatre," Mr. Cloete declares. "All are tame, affectionate, and friendly and utter loud cries when left alone." . . . This is a paragraph from D. W. Brogan's "The American Character" (Knopf):

> Berlin and Tokyo realize, belatedly, that in a war of machines, it is the height of imprudence to have provoked the greatest makers and users of machines. For Americans, war is a nuisance. But when the issue is brought home to them, war becomes as important, for the necessary period, as business or sport. And it is hard to decide which is likely to be more ominous for the Axis—an American decision that this war is sport, or that it is business. . . .

THE ADVANCE SALE for the reprint edition of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" has reached the almost unbelievable figure of 800,000. A major percentage of the extra paper Doubleday acquired through its purchase of Blakiston will go into the making of this one title. . . . W. C. Fields is mulling over offers to act as technical adviser in the filming of "The Lost Weekend." . . . A cynic engaged Jimmy Durante in learned converse last week. "Take away Lana Turner's sweater," he deprecated, "and what have you got?" Durante clapped his hand to his forehead and muttered hoarsely, "Are you kidding?" . . .

ELLIN BERLIN, author of "Land I Have Chosen," once had a maid who packed four full-sized suitcases for her for a three-day weekend in Atlantic City. Included was a full mourning costume, in case Mrs. Berlin was suddenly called to attend a funeral in the midst of her short vacation! She packs for herself now. . . . Sam Goldwyn inspected Bob Hope's costume for his new pirate picture. "Bob," approved Mr. G., "you certainly look periodical." . . . Marie Corelli, the English novelist, once lived next door to a music teacher. "I would be deeply obliged," wrote Miss Corelli, "if your pupils would cease their dreadful practising between the hours of ten and one in the morning. That is when I do my literary work." "If I thought my pupils' practice would put a stop to those novels of yours," answered the music teacher, "I'd keep them at it from morning till night." . . .

REREADING A SINGULARLY amusing book by Dorothy Rice Sims called "Curiouser and Curiouser," I was moved to wonder what, if anything, had become of the Poetry Society of America. It was founded by Mrs. Sims's papa, Isaac L. Rice, who also developed the submarine and endowed chess clubs. Meetings were held at the Ansonia Hotel, and drew such notables as Theodore Dreiser, Richard LeGallienne, Frank Harris, and Gertrude Atherton. "On off nights," reports Mrs. Sims, "we got variety in F.P.A., and Rube Goldberg." None of the guests dressed, except Mrs. Atherton, "who wore a bow in her hair," and Frank Harris, "who always appeared in evening clothes with a red band across his shirt." Mrs. Sims adds that either it was some distinguished order, or he just liked matches. It matched his nose. After looking over the field, she decided that anyone could write. She wanted to read a poem of her own, but Mrs. Atherton said "hush," and she quit the society then and there. . . . If any readers of Trade Winds care to take up the story of the society from that point on, I'd like to hear from them. . . .

DOROTHY SIMS tells a story with a powerful moral in a later chapter of the same book. There once was a lady named Mabel Jullup, who had taste. She bought a lovely vase at an auction and put it on her table. It was Ming, and very swell, but it made the Grand Rapids furniture look cheap. She was very sad, so she sold the Grand Rapids and bought "period." That made her Sears Roebuck house look cheap. So she sold the house and took an exclusive apartment in town. But the apartment was so exclusive that it made Mr. Jullup look cheap. Naturally she got a divorce and married a Mr. Preston Potter. But here she was stymied. Mr. Preston Potter made *her* look cheap!

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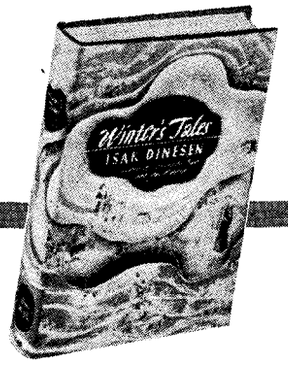

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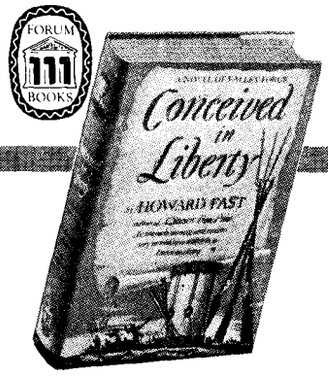

Pioneers in a "Promised" Land

HARVEST IN THE DESERT. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 316 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

TWO features strike the traveler in modern Palestine. The first is the desert blossoming like the rose. Along the Mediterranean littoral, and elsewhere, orange groves stretch in vivid color for mile after mile. They are evidence not only of the initiative and enthusiasm of the Jewish colonies, but also of their initiative and enthusiasm in agriculture, a pursuit to which the Jew is commonly assumed to be allergic.

The second striking feature of Palestine is the high watch towers which guard strategic points on the main roads. They are new in this old land. They are too expensive to have been built without need in a country which still requires all the money that can be spared for constructive work. Indeed, they are needed. In proportion to its size and population, Palestine between the two world wars has had a history as bloody as that of any land in the world. The bloodshed, too, is the worse in that it has not been due to foreign invasion, but to fratricidal enmity. Fratricidal is the correct description because another common assumption about the Jews—that they are of a different race from the Arabs—is entirely without foundation.

It is the first of these two distinctive features of Palestine with which Mr. Samuel is most concerned. To him, the story of Zionism is the story of a long and patient triumph, of the Jews returning to the Promised Land to enrich and beautify it. He has told the story admirably. There is a warm, human quality about his work, which makes it more persuasive than a thousand treatises on the economics of Jewish colonization. The reader, and perhaps especially the non-Jewish reader, finds himself inspired with something of the idealism which inspired the early Zionists. So inspired, he is not likely again to regard the problem of Palestine as a problem purely of acquisition and dispossession of land.

Mr. Samuel's story begins, appropriately, with the "great ghost presences" which haunt Palestine. The spirits of Moses and Elijah still walk in the land. The black tents of Kedar and the Mountains of Gilboa are still to be seen. If these names mean so much to the Christian, how much more must they mean to the Jew? When we recall them, it becomes a matter of course, not of wonder, that the Jews of the Diaspora should so tenaciously have remembered Zion.

It was long, however, before Zion became more than a memory. Jews went there to worship or to die. For the return of the living to the Promised Land they waited upon the coming of the Messiah. Then, about a hundred years ago, the idea of an immediate return of the Jews to Palestine began to be murmured abroad. Englishmen were among the first to propound it. Shaftesbury tried to interest Palmerston in it, and believed that "Palmerston had already been chosen by God to be an instrument of good to His ancient people, to do homage as it were, to their inheritance. . . ." As always, idealism was not enough. Shaftesbury found himself "forced to argue politically, financially, commercially" as well; and the political, financial, and commercial arguments failed to convince. It was not until thirty years later that the first Jewish agricultural settlements in Palestine began. In the meantime three impulses had got behind them. There was persecution of the Jews in Eastern Europe; there was a ferment of anti-Messianic ideas among the Jews themselves; and there was the philanthropy of rich Jews, who sought to rescue their poorer brethren.

From these small beginnings came the successive waves of Jewish immigration, which finally raised the Jewish population of Palestine to half a million and conferred upon the land a modern agricultural method and a scientific development of natural resources. Mr. Samuel tells the story of these waves always sympathetically, but always honestly. He is moved, and moves the reader with him, by the story of the Jewish pioneers, but he does not spare Jewish failings. He is inspired—as who could fail to be?—by the heroic quality of old-timers like Joshua Chankin, who saw that in dealing with the Arabs, you had to "think of a business deal as an exercise in human relations, pleasurable for its own sake, whether the deal is consummated or not." But he sees through the futility of early Jewish philanthropy.

Likewise, needless to say, Mr. Samuel sees through the failings of British policy in Palestine. To this he devotes the latter part of his book. Artistically, this intrusion of polemics into a warm, human story of a warm, human movement might be regarded as a mistake. Practically, it was no doubt inevitable. For Mr. Samuel is pleading a case. The case is that of his co-religionaries for the right to settlement in the Promised Land, and the case against British policy in the Promised Land. It is a strong case for, and made the

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stronger by Mr. Samuel's emphasis on the emotional rather than the political aspect of the story. It is a strong case against, and in pleading it Mr. Samuel makes telling use of British official statements. He also does full justice to those Englishmen who, from Shaftesbury's day to our own times, have pleaded the Zionist cause as eloquently as any Jew.

He does not, however, to my mind do equal justice to all the factors in the case. Among them are the needs and the desires of the Jews themselves; the rise of Arab nationalism; the principles of British administration; and the undesirability of some Jewish immigration.

Jews in America present no problem, or at any rate no problem which cannot be solved by the passage of time. Jews in North Africa live, and have lived for centuries, in harmony with Moslems. So did the Jews in some Asiatic countries until Nazi pseudo-philosophy came along to upset a balance long established. Jews in France and England have been Prime Ministers. The Jews of Central and Eastern Europe have therefore been, and rightly, the principal object of Zionist propaganda and Zionist efforts. But it may be questioned whether Zionism is a complete answer either to their needs or to their desires. Their principal need, since Hitler came to power, has been equality with other citizens before the law; and that is a German rather than a Jewish problem. It may be solved more quickly, more economically, and more satisfactorily by the destruction of Hitlerism than by transplantation. As to Jewish desires, these vary in Europe as much as the desires of other men. It may be doubted whether, in normal times, the Jewish doctor of Frankfort, the Jewish lawyer of Prague, or the Jewish merchant of Budapest, would wish to abandon a society of which he is an integral part.

The desires of the Arab world are an even more important factor in the future of Palestine. It may be true, as Mr. Samuel implies, that Arab feudalism is at the bottom of much of the trouble in Palestine. It is undoubtedly true that the Grand Mufti, with his mean face and shifty gaze, represented little that was good in the Arab world. But it is also true that Allied intervention in Asia Minor in the last war gave a terrific impetus to the Arab nationalist movement; and that the site of Solomon's Temple is also the site of the Haram al-Sharif, almost as sacred to Moslems as the Temple is to the Jews. When British policy takes into account the desires of the Arabs, it is not necessarily thinking in terms of the Arab feudal overlord or of the Grand Mufti. It may

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be thinking rather of the Arab states, all of them now independent, which surround Palestine on all sides.

It has been argued that, in the light of the much quoted, but not often fully quoted, Balfour declaration, the British should have forced Jewish settlement down the Arab throat. Theoretically, it might have been possible to do this. Practically, British public opinion and British law would alike have made it impossible. The riots, which have disfigured the recent history of Palestine, might have been ended more quickly by an application of the philosophy of Lidice; but any administration which tried to apply that philosophy would very rapidly have been thrown out by the British public.

Finally, there is the question of the suitability of the emigrants and would-be-emigrants from Europe to Palestine. In pre-war days it was my good fortune to be associated in small measure with some Jews who were practically concerned with Palestine immigration. They were idealists. They believed in Palestine as the salvation of the Jewish race, or nation, or what you will. They were deeply moved by the plight of their fellow-Jews under Nazi or Nazi-inspired rule. But there were times when they came to the British authorities and asked them to try to prevent both indiscriminate and illegal Jewish immigration. They knew, as the British authorities knew, that the Jews who were able to fulfil the conditions for a Palestine immigration certificate were not always the most desirable future citizens of Palestine nor those most in danger in the country of their then citizenship. They knew, too, that illegal immigration was ruining legal immigration. So that, when I read Mr. Samuel's account of the terrible plight of some of the illegal immigrants—and terrible it was—I cannot agree with his implication that the blame lay on the British authorities. The blame lay neither with British nor Jews, but with the cattle dealers who conducted this traffic. They were neither British nor Jewish.

All these considerations do not, of course, invalidate Mr. Samuel's plea for the Zionist cause. One could as well talk of invalidating Christianity or Islam or Buddhism. Yet to many minds most sympathetically disposed to the Zionist cause they do suggest that translation of that cause into reality must be a long and patient process. It may be that an enduring solution will be found only by remembering the wise words of Rudyard Kipling, a now unfashionable Englishman who, however, would have appreciated Joshua Chankin: "Here lies a fool who tried to hustle the East."

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Corn — But Good

I NEVER LEFT HOME. By Bob Hope. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 99 *pp.* $1, *paper;* $2, *cloth.*

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

"I'VE got the uniformed forces pretty well confused," Bob Hope says in the first chapter of his first book. "They don't know which they're getting more of . . . beans or corn." That's the secret of Hope's tremendous success with the soldiers overseas: corn. He took them the one item that had to be omitted from their packs, that couldn't be included in K rations—good old-fashioned corn, the idolum of the American sense of humor: mother-in-law jokes, buck-toothed girl jokes, baggy pants jokes, cheap skate jokes, hot tamale Mollie jokes, jokes about the farmer's daughter, jokes about the size of hotel rooms, jokes about the prices in night clubs, jokes about women in slacks, jokes about women in bathing suits, jokes about women in strapless evening gowns, jokes about women. When you haven't heard them for a long time you don't laugh because they're funny; you laugh because they're familiar, because they mean home in the intimate, simple way in which you miss it most. You could as easily cry.

Hope is the closest nature could get to a personification of corn without growing silk from his ears. Other comedians now and then aspire to subtlety, devise switches on the old gags which smack of adventures in thinking. Hope, like Dryden's hero, never deviates. His is the loud laugh that bespeaks the vacant mind, the tremendous exaggeration that splits the britches of imagination, the Einsteinian parallel that sends reason reeling. His stuff is familiar, but it's also fresh, and it includes the latest of its kind—G.I. corn, the soldier's own humor.

It's a wonderful word, corn, and its use as a noun meaning certain types of humor and music indicates how individual is our development in these fields at least. As such a noun it is untranslatable so far as other languages are concerned. You must, to understand it, be an American, familiar with our jokes, and fond of corn on the cob, corn bread, corn cakes, corn fritters, corn pudding, corn liquor, and sorghum. Sorghum, a special kind of corn, is provided on the Hope show by Frances Langford, who, attired in slacks and a bra, can step up to a microphone before 10,000 soldiers, sing "Embraceable You," and remind the boys of their girls back home. At least that's what the boys say when they write to the girls, and it's pure sorghum.

The surprising part of "I Never Left

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Home" is the straight stuff, the simple narrative of the trips to England, North Africa, and Alaska, told as Hope might have passed it on to his friends back in Hollywood. He is serious in his admiration for the boys, so serious that when he feels it is getting obvious, he makes it more so by sticking in a joke that sticks out like a sore thumb. He tells where he went, what he did, and what so-and-so said to him, pretty much as any traveler would, except that his English is more basic and therefore more understandable. The corn which is the special monopoly of travel writers he leaves severely alone. He went to Westminster Abbey only once, to make a movie short, and that time he was thrown out by a bobby.

Part of Hope's success is due to the fact that he is something of a physical phenomenon. He admits that he seems to recharge energy at the same time he discharges it. That is indispensable when playing for the soldiers.

"When you work for the U.S.O. Camp Shows you do a one-a-day," he says, "but it lasts all day and far into the night. And any guy who can do it and doesn't is a fool. If he doesn't do it for what *he* can give the men, then he should do it for what they can give *him*."

It will make you laugh, it will make you a little sad—good corn should do that. And if you're a mom with a boy overseas you'll sniffle a bit, understanding your boy, and understanding corn. You understand Hope, too. You wouldn't be so flabbergasted that you couldn't speak if he turned up at one of your parties unexpectedly. You can't figure out our Ambassador Winant, who didn't know what to do when Hope turned up in a group of Senators being presented to Prime Minister Churchill. Winant just stared. So did Churchill. So Hope, who is dumb on protocol but apparently remembers what his mother told him about manners, shook the Prime Minister's hand and wished him well.

Hope is in the Pacific now, and Langford is with him. That ought to settle things for the Japs, especially if they tune in on one of the shows and realize some of the things we not only put up with but enjoy.

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Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has awarded its most recent fellowships in biography and history. The biography winner is Stearns Morse of the faculty of Dartmouth, and the history fellowship goes to Edward T. Booth, editorial writer on the *New York Herald Tribune*. Each award carries with it prize monies amounting to $2,500. The fellowships have been given by Knopf since 1940.

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Inside Sinkiang

GATEWAY TO ASIA: SINKIANG. Frontier of the Chinese Far East. By Martin R. Norris. New York: The John Day Co. 1944. 200 *pp.* $2.75.

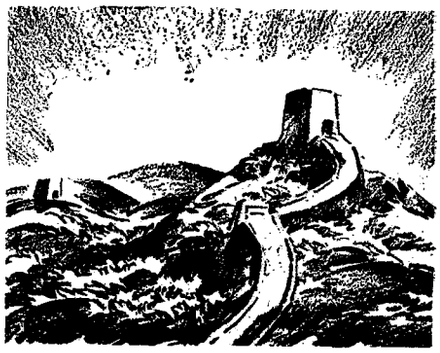
Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

IN our boyhood, we all dreamed of lands of adventure, and to some of us these dreams have become realities. But Sinkiang wasn't a dreamland then. It remained as hazy as Shangri-La. Times have changed and we with them. Tomorrow there will be many who will dream of Sinkiang as of their land of mystery. There is no doubt that it will become a land of realities to many in our time.

From a personal point of view, Mr. Norris has committed a strategical blunder by asking Owen Lattimore to write an introduction to his book. The reader will be grateful for this seeming mistake; for Lattimore, the former political adviser to President Chiang Kai-shek and recently an important member of Henry Wallace's mission to China, is not only an outstanding authority on Central Asia, but also our foremost analyst of Asiatic power politics. His introductory essay on "Sinkiang's Place in the Future of China" is a brilliant piece of work and Mr. Norris must have found it difficult to match the quality of Lattimore's appraisal. Yet Norris did an excellent job and his little book (with extensive reference notes, maps, and some good illustrations) is a mine of information for the increasing number of Americans who want to know more about Sinkiang.

Sinkiang, further than any country from the sea, is a spacious area of about 600,000 square miles, two and a half times the size of France. Its population, composed of many interesting ethnic groups, amounts only to about 4,000,000; of these 500,000 are nomads and no more than ten percent Chinese. Within its area there lies what Lattimore rightly calls the geographical center of gravity between the Atlantic, Arctic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans. It is "at once a place of isolation and a vast area of passage; a blank space between different kinds of world, and a world in itself of prolix variety." Sinkiang thus is an increasingly important frontier zone of China's Far West. In the continental development of the heart of Asia, Sinkiang will achieve great importance as a region of gateways to Asia and a pivot of future history.

Mr. Norris illuminates the colorful story of Sinkiang's international politics, for many years a cradle of conflict between Russia and China. He sheds light on the almost unknown attempts of Japan to expand, after the conquest of Manchuria and Jehol, into Sinkiang in order to destroy the whole inland structure of China's Northwest defenses. This threat has vanished and with it the necessity, for the Soviet Union, to control Sinkiang. The U.S.S.R. has withdrawn from Sinkiang and a new period of successful Chinese-Russian coöperation has begun. Mr. Norris concludes that in this new phase of war and post-war development of Sinkiang, the opening of new communications—roads, air, river, and railway—promises a tremendous outlet for Western as well as Eastern energies. The expansion of irrigation together with the resultant extension of agricultural production, the broadening of provincial industry, the development of almost untouched mineral resources, the transfer of Chinese settlers from crowded coastal and interior cities to the open northwestern frontier—all this can turn this Central Asian region into a pulsing artery of a new Eurasia. Will the United States be one of the leading actors on this Asiatic scene?



Pivotal Year of the War

THE WAR. Fourth Year. By Edgar McInnis. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 409 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

DURING the fourth year the Axis lost the war. The United Nations didn't win it then, nor have they won it yet. They definitely won the initiative, however, and have used it since to call the moves for Hitler and Tojo. Consequently for the first time in his series Mr. McInnis has a story to tell that is heartening because of victories on all fronts that marked the beginning of the end of the Axis.

Mr. McInnis is Associate Professor of History at the University of Toronto. If he can be judged by this book he must be one of those teachers of history who draw crowds to his lectures because he puts life into the post. He has a simple method of relating the events of this war, but it is neither intrusive nor annoying. He describes what happened with a minimum of comment, but with an analysis of why and how it happened, and as far as we know them, the consequences of the decisions made and the actions taken.

Where were we when Mr. McInnis begins his history lesson? The situation in retrospect was incredibly bad. The Germans were at the Volga and in the Caucasus, Rommel was only a few miles from Alexandria, and Mussolini came to Africa to enjoy a Roman triumph on the streets of Cairo. American troops were painfully struggling on Guadalcanal. The U-boats were destroying millions of tons of shipping. There was some credit in being cheerful those days.

But the year was made memorable by the victories at Guadalcanal, Stalingrad, the defeat of Rommel in Africa, the surrender of Italy, the landings in Africa, Sicily, Salerno.

Mr. McInnis has set himself the task of synthesis, of putting together the widely dispersed pieces in the jig-saw puzzle of fighting by armies, navies, and air forces in Russia, Africa, Europe, and the Pacific theater. The twelve months from October, 1942 to September, 1943 are divided into periods of three months each. With a smoothly running and readable style he describes the sequence of events that are not confined to the field of military history, but include enough of the political, social, and economic background to elucidate the military moves. It is a model of historical integration that makes this book the best available description of the current war known to this reviewer.

Since it is far too early to know all the strategic conceptions that have governed major moves, or to know all the facts of battles and campaigns, or to estimate the consequences of a particular course of action, later histories will supersede this initial story of the Second World War. Mr. McInnis's successors will have trouble to equal him in objectivity and in his impartial treatment of the war effort of the United Nations.

No Deadline
On WAR BONDS

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The World of Music Books for Young People

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Gould Davis, SRL Children's Book Editor, is on vacation.* ***This month's department*** *is written by Maria Cimino, of the Children's Room, New York Public Library.*

MUSIC has become an important part of our American folkways. The efforts of some gifted educators, the developments in the phonograph and radio especially, have brought it so directly into American life that our self-consciousness has been broken down. We have emerged from our cloak of Victorianism, rediscovered our folk songs and dances and the pleasures of making and listening to good music, no longer believing them to be the peculiar property of Europeans. We may hear great artists interpret the music of all periods from plain chant to boogie woogie; a very small child will recognize a Mozart minuet as easily as "London Bridge." This is but small testimony to the enlargement of our musical life, the release and sense of participation in a very natural art and the demand created for books on the subject.

Previously, the field of good song books, books about music and musicians for children, held meagre riches. One depended mainly upon those nursery classics, "The Baby's Opera" and "The Baby's Bouquet," by Walter Crane (Warne), "Our Old Nursery Rhymes" and "The Nursery Songs of Long Ago," by Alfred Moffat (McKay), for those who knew the languages the "Chansons de France," "Cantilene Popolari," "Kling Klang Gloria," and a few isolated and dull biographies of musicians and histories of music. This is no longer true. The production of good and interesting books in this field has been increasing steadily to meet a new and greater demand.

Experiments and Backgrounds

In reviewing these developments one cannot overlook the influence of great performers, of such pioneers as Walter Damrosch and later Ernest Schelling for their concerts for children, now being conducted by Rudolph Ganz; nor the efforts of the Folk Dance Societies and, in the class-room, the experiments of some gifted teachers. The performers, naturally, are concerned with performance and the building of taste and appreciation. We can never do without them, for music to live must have interpreters as well as students and audiences. The teachers are concerned more with its active use in ordinary life. It is from their experience that a new type of book began to appear.

Satis Coleman, experimenting in creative music at the Lincoln School, was interested in the development of an art from its beginnings, and in the enlargement of the child's creative powers. She was successful in teaching children to make and use simple musical instruments in orchestras as she allowed each child to choose and make some instrument that suited his particular abilities. From her experience and observation she wrote "Creative Music for Children" and later "Creative Music in the Home," "The Drum Book" (John Day), and others. Clear, usable books, they treat the material historically as well as practically.

"Fun with Flutes," by David Dushkin (University of Chicago Press), is another original contribution in creative music. It is planned to present a type of instrument that can be taught in a short time to young or inexperienced people and which can be built by them in their homes or schools. It gives an interesting account of the development of the flute, drawing upon mythology and history, and adding clear diagrams and instructions for making and playing the instrument, and some simple arrangements of music for the flute.

Years of experience as professor of music at New York University provided Marion Bauer with ideas for two very much needed histories of music for young people. "How Music Grew" and "Music through the Ages" (Putnam's), written in collaboration with Ethel Peyser, are well authenticated and invaluable volumes. Illustrated from good sources, they are the most concise and readable books of reference available for the layman as well as the child and young music student.

In her series of "Music Appreciation Readers" (University Publishing Company), Hazel Kinscella relates music to history and place, from the tom-tom of primitive man to our art forms. In "History Sings" she presents a survey of fascinating folk material which forms the background of American music as it has followed the course of American history. Aware also of the growing power of radio in our musical life, she has written "Music on the Air" (Viking Press). Here she considers music as a leisure time enjoyment and brings together the discussion of different artists, touching upon the fundamental facts related to music and the historical and informational background for continued listening.

Some Song Books

When the news came a few weeks ago that our armies were in Arezzo reporters noted that Petrarch was born there. My mind went back another three hundred years remembering the earlier singer, Guido of Arezzo, who gave to the world the scale and modern notation in music. I went in search of "The Songs We Sing," by Hendrik van Loon and Grace Castagnatta (Simon and Schuster), thinking how delightfully Hendrik van Loon explained for children Guido's achievement, in the preface. Looking once more at the drawing which celebrates it we turned the pages of this original little book. Here are the songs from the nurseries of the world, presented with good musical arrangements, and with full page illustrations in color that have a rare imaginative finality, humor, and wit, and a sense of the joyousness of children singing. It is a book which invites use. I have seen children pick it up and spontaneously sing the songs. I know a family that has worn out two copies and is now on its third.

Though it would seem that "The Songs We Sing" marked a high point in the production of song books there are a few distinctive collections which appeared previous to it. "A Round of Carols," with music arranged by T. Tertius Noble and illustrated by Helen Sewell (Oxford), is an altogether harmonious book in the beauty of its design and illustration as well as content. The illustrations for these carols of the four seasons express the poetry and quiet joyousness of the music. Louis Untermeyer and Clara and David Mannes edited "New Songs for New Voices" (Harcourt, Brace), an interesting collection of modern songs for which Peggy Bacon made characteristic drawings. (This book is unfortunately out of print.) Dorothy Gordon's success with her Young People's Concert Hour stimulated the publication of "Sing It Yourself" and "Around the World in Song" (Dutton), two excellent and useful collections of folksongs.

Within the last two years have appeared the following song books of interest:

LULLABIES OF MANY LANDS. By Dorothy Berliner Commins. Illustrated by Nellie Farnam. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In her introduction to this charming book of lullabies Mrs. Commins says, "All lullabies are love songs. Sometimes they are gay; often they are sad, but always they are tender. They are the expression in its purest form, of one of the deepest emotions the human spirit knows. . . ." There is a deep sense of folk-lore in this collection of sixteen lullabies, each of which carries the particular atmos-

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phere of the people who sing it, in the sensitive arrangement of its melody, and the descriptive note which accompanies it.

SONGS AND GAMES OF THE AMERICAS. Translated and arranged by Frank Henius. Illustrated by Oscar Fabres. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This gay little book forms a delightful introduction to Latin America and helps to meet the demand for the songs and games from there. The author presents thirty-eight of the best-known songs and games as they are sung and played by the children. Many are known in all the countries; some are very old Spanish games harking back to the Conquistadors. The text is given in Spanish, Portuguese for Brazil, French for Haiti, as well as in English. The music, directions, and diagrams are simple and clear, easy to use. The delightful illustrations by Oscar Fabres enhance the gaiety of the book and add to its air of fun.

THE FLOWER DRUM BOOK AND OTHER CHINESE SONGS. By Chin-Chen and Shih-Hsiang Chen. Illustrated. New York: The John Day Company.

A unique introduction to Chinese folk music in which a musician and a poet of China have collaborated to present to Western people the old and new songs of their country. The authors have selected melodies from the Flower Drum Songs of the fourteenth century to the songs of New China at War, which they considered suitable for transcription into Western notation. The tunes and rhythms are fascinating and the task could not have been an easy one. Henry Cowell writes in the preface that it is the best introduction to the style and charm of Chinese folk music for Western people. Though published as an adult book it is valuable for experimental use with children. One boy eleven years old has been working out the Flower Drum Song rhythms with enthusiasm and success.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN SONG AND GAME BOOK. Illustrated. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program, Music Program, and Art Program of The Work Projects Administration in the State of New Mexico. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company.

A great sense of folk-lore in our musical history is conveyed in a unique book as it gives evidence of the persistent survival of Spanish culture in the Southwest. These songs and games are still sung and played in Spanish in the villages of New Mexico. The text is given in both Spanish and English with simple musical arrangements, some having their parallels in our English songs and games. The book represents a splendid achievement in research. Librarians and teachers, especially, will always be in the debt of its collaborators for emphasizing with such sympathy the contribution of this regional culture in our American music.

THE CHINESE-AMERICAN SONG AND GAME BOOK. Compiled by A. Gertrude Jacobs. Illustrated by Chao Shih Chen. Music by Virginia and Richard Mathes. Text Romanization by Chiang Hi Yi Hsu. Chinese characters by Yun Hsia. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company.

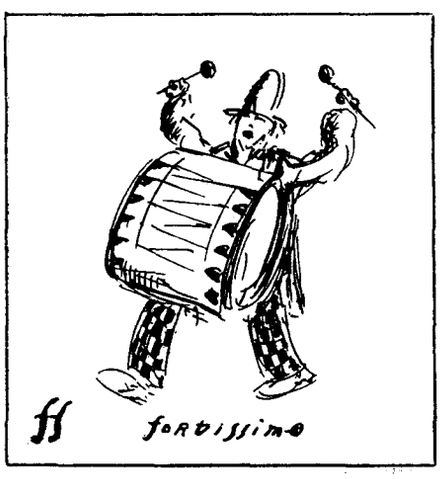
This is an interesting addition to the books about China for children. The songs and games give to American children an idea of the Chinese way of life. They will enjoy, too, experimenting with the Chinese characters given at the end of the book. The illustrations by a Chinese child add to the unusual interest of the book.

WORK AND SING. A Collection of Songs That Built America. Selected and arranged by Elie Siegmeister with commentary, annotations, and a critical bibliography. Illustrated by Julian Brozelton. New York: William R. Scott.

Anyone who has seen Elie Siegmeister at work with his American Ballad Singers and has heard him talk about the songs they sing has felt and shared his appreciation of American folk music. Drawing upon known anthologies as well as original sources for material, he presents here some of the songs that built America. Included are "Songs of the Sea," "Songs of the West," "Songs of Railroads and River Boats," "Songs of the Country," "Songs of the City." The arrangements are simple and good for group singing. The descriptive notes are fresh and informal conveying Mr. Siegmeister's enthusiasm for this music as something alive in the daily life of a people.

VICTOR HERBERT SONGS FOR CHILDREN. Selected and edited by Ella Herbert Bartlett. Specially arranged and simplified for young people by Margaret Busch. Illustrated by Guy Edgar Fry. New York: Whittlesey House.

Victor Herbert's personality and the air of the theatre are present in this collection of songs edited from his operettas. In an introduction which is really a short biographical sketch of her father's life Mrs. Bartlett gives a warm, sympathetic picture of the composer and his love of children, thus explaining why so many of his operettas always contain a special song addressed to them. This selection includes some of the best known songs from "Babes in Toyland" and his other operettas. It is a book which will be enjoyed in the home by adults who remember the productions of the operettas as well as by their children. The arrangements are simple, retaining all the character of the original compositions.



An Orchestral Fairy Tale

PETER AND THE WOLF. By Serge Prokofieff. With a foreword by Serge Koussevitzky. Illustrated and designed by Warren Chappell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

PROKOFIEFF is perhaps the greatest living composer of our time. His musical line is fresh and original, his imaginative powers fertile, and it is the good luck of all children that he wrote an orchestral fairly tale especially for them. "Peter and the Wolf," acclaimed by adults, is beloved by children as soon as they hear it. They are caught by its simplicity and charm, its sly humor, and altogether satisfactory ending. It is as complete a little drama as their most favorite fairy tale. They love to listen for the theme and instrument which represent each character as it speaks in the composition. They love, also, the charming and appropriate picture book which Warren Chappell designed and illustrated for them. "Peter and the Wolf" as a book gives the text, musical themes, and a series of full page illustrations in color which have caught entirely the spirit of Prokofieff's composition. It is a perfect libretto for the listener of any age.

Biography

Fictional biography for children is a development of the last decade. The publication of "Beethoven, Master Musician," by Madeleine Goss (Doubleday, Doran), marks a milestone in biographies for children. It appeared at a time when the enlargement of children's musical studies demanded good books about the composers whose music they were learning to play and recognize on the radio. It was immediately acclaimed by them and their parents and teachers. Here was a book giving a portrayal of Beethoven's life, his personality and struggle as an artist, in terms they could understand and really enjoy. They asked for more books like "Beethoven." Mrs. Goss followed the Beethoven with "Deep-flowing Brook," the story of Johann Sebastian Bach (Holt), "Unfinished Symphony," the story of Franz Schubert (Holt), and "Brahms, the Master" (Holt), her latest written in collaboration with Robert Haven

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Schauffler. These are distinguished among musical biographies for children. She writes simply and directly in a good style, achieving an informed and well-sustained story which makes her subject and period live in the imagination of the reader. The books are well designed in harmony with their subjects. The later ones give lists of the composer's works, recordings available, and tables showing other events in the world during the composer's lifetime.

In "Songs Without Words," the life of Felix Mendelssohn, John Erskine (Messner) interprets for young people the gifts and achievements of this composer upon whom fortune smiled in every sense. Mr. Erskine's own literary sense and musical background distinguish a biography which conveys not only his own enthusiasm and appreciation but also the point of view of thoughtful musicians.

"Finlandia, The Story of Sibelius," by Elliott Arnold (Holt), tells the story with force of a people as well as a man. The author's own appreciation of the master and the land of which he sings is here as "Finlandia" emerges as much a piece of Finnish folklore as the life story of Sibelius.

The biographies of musicians for younger children by Opal Wheeler enjoy continual popularity. With the publication of "Handel at the Court of Kings" (Dutton), her last and perhaps best, Miss Wheeler adds one more to a list which includes Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, MacDowell, and Stephen Foster. These books, uniform in character, give a simple text supplemented by easy compositions introduced at appropriate points in the story as it traces the main events in the life of the subject. They appeal to younger children who ask for them over and over again.

In "John Philip Sousa, The March King," by Mina Lewiton, illustrated by Howard Simon, (Didier), the fascination of a bass band is conveyed in a short, attractive account of the life of the American band master. Son of a Bavarian mother and Portuguese father who was a trombone player in the U. S. Marines, Sousa had the lure of the brasses in his blood. From the time when he was eleven years old and watched for three days spellbound the pageantry of the victorious Union troops marching through Washington to the tunes of brassbands, he knew what he was going to do. Simply told, the book gives a sympathetic picture of the full and vital life of a true American.

FAMOUS PIANISTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Gladys Burch. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company.

The development of the piano and the art of piano playing is traced briefly here, followed by ten short sketches of modern pianists from Franz Liszt to Percy Grainger which convey a complete and satisfactory picture of the personalities. Includes authentic illustrations of early pianos and portraits of the artists discussed.

Radio and Recordings

ADVENTURES IN SYMPHONIC MUSIC. By Edward Downes. Decorations by John O'Hara Cosgrove II. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.

Here is a book that is a lot of fun and which will appeal to music lovers young and old. For though it is intended for young people it also addresses itself to adults who are having their first adventures in symphonic music. In twelve sections with such headings as Music and the Dance, Music and Politics, The Suffering Artist, The New World, it provides program notes for about two hundred standard symphonic works representing thirty-eight composers. The compositions have been grouped into short programs of related subjects selecting only music available on discs. The material was first presented by Mr. Downes as intermission commentaries for the Symphonic Hour of Station W67NY, frequency modulation station of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and it is from radio that the writing takes its character. There is no attempt to be profound and scholarly but rather informal, gay, informative, intending to open new avenues of musical adventure rather than lay down any musical theories. It is a young musician sharing his enthusiasm, experience, and ideas with his audience, recreating the period of a composition, with anecdotes about the composer. It is in this fresh quality that its main appeal lies. It will undoubtedly serve as a spring board of adventure for the many new audiences who are discovering the pleasures of listening to good music on the radio and phonograph.

The surge of energy and interest which Americans pour into every activity is also being directed towards the development of our musical life and history. Radio has quickened our awareness and appreciation of good music in our daily life. History has sent the greatest artists to live in our land. The imagination of our youth is fired by our growing musical experience. The books are still to be written that are to match it.

Shall we again be wise *too late?*

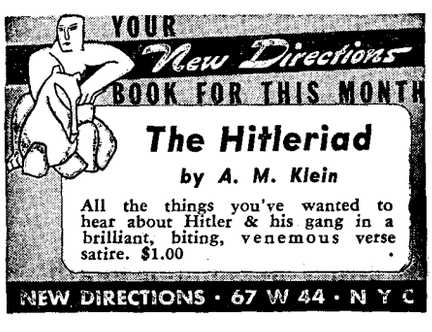
"THE TYRANTS' WAR exposes the disguised Nazism of those who attribute all the evil in mankind to the people of Germany and the people of Japan. No book could be more timely; none is more needed at this hour."—ROBERT M. MACIVER, author of *Towards an Abiding Peace.*

This is an urgent plea for moderation in the coming peace terms in the hope that a working democracy can be established in Germany and a system of collective security with *teeth* established in Europe.

THE Tyrants' War AND THE Peoples' Peace

By FERDINAND A. HERMENS

$2.75, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS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JUNIOR REVIEWERS Jean Poindexter Colby, Editor Newton Centre 59, Mass.

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The Phoenix Nest

THE following poem has been sent me by Yetza Gillespie of Kansas City, Missouri:

VIOLIN

Thin and gold and mournful,
Honey thinned with tears,
The violin distilling
Days of our years.

The heart drinks unknowing
Vintage or stock,
Or small beer, or champagne,
Or dark hemlock.

Elizabeth H. Bevington of Terre Haute, Indiana, contributes this delightful personal story concerning "The Hidden Hand":

I know about "Capitola," too, and I am not so old. When I was a little girl, oh, very young, about eight or nine, a neighbor lady had a great supply of paper-backed novels. They were mostly by our old friend, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. One of these was "The Hidden Hand," which I read feverishly to its very last words, only to find this at the end, and an end which left Capitola in a devil of a fix: If you want to find out what happened next to Capitola read "Capitola's Peril," by the same author, or words to that effect.

I rushed to the neighbor lady but unfortunately, she didn't have that book. For weeks after that I searched through all the book counters that I could get to. No "Capitola's Peril." Now I would never know what did happen to her. Time even heals such griefs as this.

Many, many years passed, and I was now, so to speak, dishing out the reading matter, myself. I was on the staff of an Iowa public library, and some of the books were better and some were worse than those of Mrs. Eden Southworth.

One day, while going the rounds in the hospital, with books from the library, I paused by the bed of an old lady in a free ward. She looked desperately ill and was flat on her back. She opened her eyes and caught sight of the book cart. Up she popped and with singular vigor and directness, she demanded, "Do you have 'Capitola's Peril?'"

I recovered rapidly and in spite of her accent on "Capitola" I recognized her query. Regretfully, I told her no, but that I had other books that she might like. (Hospital book carts are always plentifully supplied with K. Norris.) No, she didn't want anything else. That was the only book she wanted. She lay back on her bed.

This flagrant example of professional ineptitude I described with no lack of detail to some of my coworkers, and I confided to them that I would still like to read the book, myself.

More time passed. Then came the onslaught of the Victory Book Campaign and since our library was a receiving and weeding point, books poured in by the hundreds. One day there was a terrific gallop to my door. One of the assistants who knew all of the details of my search for that thrilling sequel, was busy at the weeding process. When suddenly, up had turned "Capitola's Peril"! She handed it to me. It was not a paper back, but was respectably bound in cloth with a horrid looking wench on the cover, supposedly Capitola.

It took about a quarter of a century and a world upheaval for me to get this book.

P. S. I have never read it, yet.

Earle Walbridge, who is the lazy columnist's salvation, quotes to me:

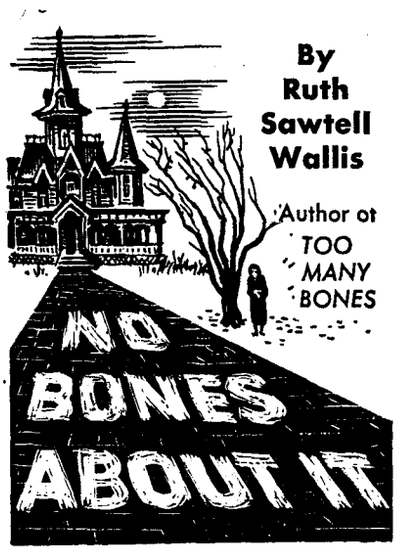
Considering your present *milieu*, some discourse on pigeons would not be inappropriate. "We all, to different degrees however, have the homing instinct. Ulysses takes nine years to come home from Troy, but anyway he comes home. Certain husbands leave their home at night to buy cigarettes at the corner drugstore. They might come back after five years and simply say, "They were out of Camels," but back they come! Lassies come home in technicolor; eels travel thousands of miles to die in their native abode in the Sargasso Sea, but nature's masterpiece of the homing instinct is the pigeon. This the Belgians have understood the best of all people, and being practical-minded, they have exploited it with consistency and adroitness. . . . When the old Flemish painters represent the Land of Plenty, fried pigeons descend into the mouths of loafers who object to moving their limbs even to feed themselves."

The German military commander of Belgium and Northern France forbade from the first of March on the keeping of any pigeons in the whole coastal region of Belgium, in Brussels, Mons, and Liège. "Soon no other bird will coast above the rich loam of the Belgian earth and over the age-old gables of the cities but the German eagle. But this latter will shortly lose its last plumes and totter earthward. You may be sure that out of nowhere, at that moment, thousands of doves, eternal symbols of peace and victory, will soar into the cloudy skies of a free Belgium." I have been quoting from the anonymous editor of *News From Belgium and the Belgian Congo* (Belgian Information Center, 630 Fifth Avenue), who is writing some of the most brilliant and readable prose now extant. Every editorial is a complete essay in itself, and is always eminently quotable. If you print this please send him a copy of the *SRL* containing it?

Jack Cominsky, I prithee note that last line!

A book of poems has come my way, a book that has been rather overlooked. Harbinger House, New York City, published it in 1943. It is by Aaron Kramer, called "'Till the Grass Is Ripe for Dancing," a good title. Mr. Kramer is only twenty-two and he has been writing and publishing since he was twelve, he tells me. He has written a remarkable poem on a big dance-hall fire in Natchez. He writes of homely things like a trolley ride and Coney Island—"Boardwalk Blues" is a striking poem in that group. He's written a fine poem on

A tightly written story of sudden death



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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM *David Dodge* (Macmillan: $2.)	California income-tax adjuster and bride honeymoon in Reno and run into maelstrom of murder and intrigue.	No particular mystery about it, but pursuit of traitorous Jap agents with hidden radio transmitter is cram-jammed with action.	A-1 thriller
MURDER IN HASTE *E. P. Fenwick* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Abnormally precocious school-boy and stepfather slain. Young girl and N. Y. suburban sheriff handle case.	Emotional content high; people high strung neurotics—with exceptions; sleuthing competent and end surprising.	Good

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Paul Robeson; he's written of Garcia Lorca and Shostakovitch, Lidice, the Fall of Bataan, and of Barcelona under the heel of Franco. Often his carelessness as to rhyme I find excruciating. He is as careless as Vachel Lindsay ever was. But he has the stuff in him, too. I choose a poem of his to quote that he will think one of his minor themes, but that I think is about the best poem on baseball I have practically ever read. He calls it "The Baseball Machine." I call it, "Strike-Out Joe":

Didn't you have that dream, Strike-out Joe?
The crowds waited, and your team, for the last throw.
Waited, measuring your arm, judging your stance;
saying, with a sudden calm, this won't be chance.
This will be hurtling ball twisty and swift
mocking the far-off wall that waits for gift.
This will be ruthless eyes and ready wrist
and bat ready to rise: a Titan's first.

The pitcher heaved, let it go (don't you recall?)
and suddenly you swung a blow that caught the ball,
that caught the ball with every pound of hate you knew,
and you seemed to rise from the ground following through,
chasing the ball, pushing with your hate, making it soar,
hearing, as it cleared the gate, the crowd's roar.
Sweating, smiling, hugged by the team, blind in the glow.
Didn't you have that dream, Strike-out Joe?

Virginia Scott Miner of Kansas City, Missouri, has favored me with the following, which may be of interest to the A. N. Marquis Company:

GREEN WERE THE GRAPES
or
OH, HOW GLAD I AM
NOT TO BE IN "WHO'S WHO"

How fine a thing it is to view
No name of mine within "Who's Who."

For others I may turn its pages,
Ascertaining dates and ages—

Of others read which spouses died
And which were legally untied.

Religion, offspring, state, and books,
"Who's Who" tells to him who looks,

Sig Alph, Lambda Chi, or Beta,
There will be completest data.

But hideous to me, I think,
Would be that permanence of ink—

Most pitilessly past all hedging
That scarlet tome with firm white edging—

And who cares any whit or other
What I think? Well, you've *got* me, brother!

And I thank Lewes Thorpe, whose address I seem to have mislaid, for this concluding riddle. Perhaps, after my readers have all given up—if they do—Mr. Thorpe will step forward with the correct answer. He says, "Here is a quatrain, rather closely translated from the Urdu, which has just reached me from India. I believe I have found the key, but some other of your readers may care to learn the secret." The quatrain is:

Europe will be at peace, her war be done,
When the Moon's mansion is in Nine and One,
When, with the Boar and Ape in lasting tether,
Both the Week's last and second walk together.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 61

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 61 will be found in the next issue.

COP JMNMKHWS, EOPW ABTO,
BG TMVVPS M CHIABGC.
—YMIV ABTOMAS.
—COP GTHIANP HU TOABGC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 60

THE TIME WHICH WE HAVE AT OUR DISPOSAL EVERY DAY IS ELASTIC; THE PASSIONS WE FEEL EXPAND IT, THOSE WE INSPIRE CONTRACT IT; AND HABIT FILLS UP WHAT REMAINS.
—MARCEL PROUST.
—WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ*

1. Little Johnny Green.
2. The flute.
3. He caught fishes in other men's ditches.
4. Whale.
5. Welshman.
6. Vinegar and brown sugar.
7. Curly Locks.
8. A night gown.
9. A spider.
10. Broth without any bread.
11. Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers.
12. And what they could not eat that night the queen next morning fried.
13. Saturday.
14. Tarts.
15. Four-and-twenty.
16. You shall dine on cherry pie and drink currant wine.
17. No pie.
18. To sea.
19. A pig.
20. Noon.

*Text from the Heritage Edition, edited by William Rose Benét.

PERSONALS

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(*Continued on page* 30)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

FRAZER'S "Golden Bough," 12 volumes, 3rd edition, London 1914. Offers invited. Box 992-J.

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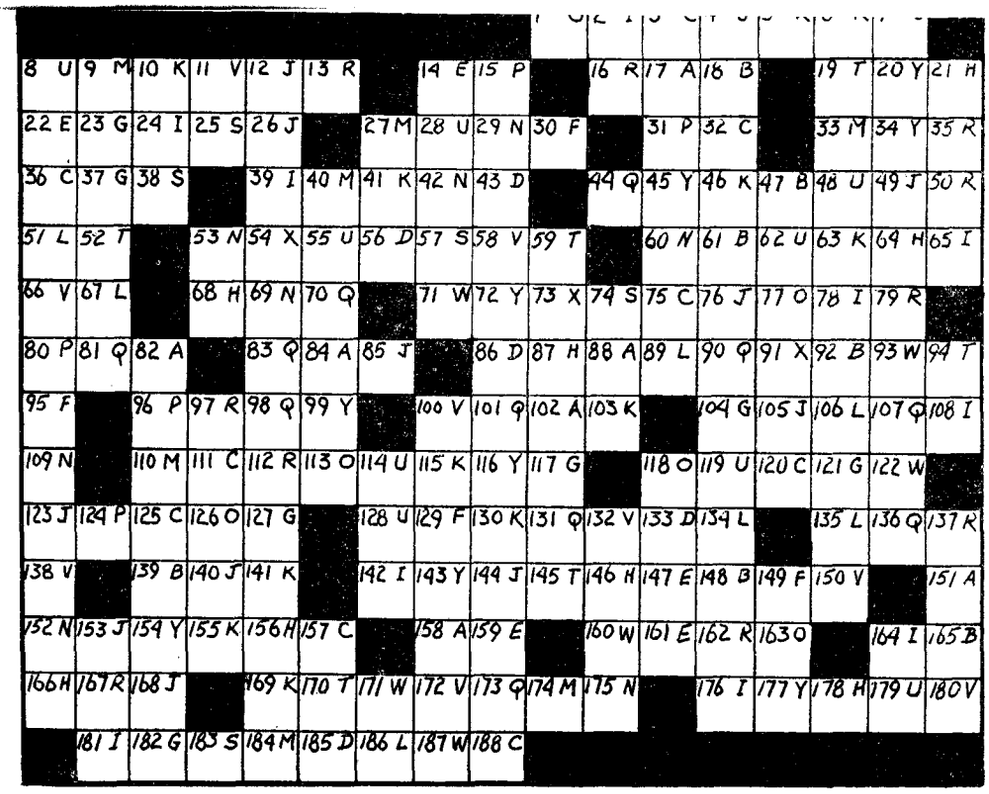
The Crostics Club

THOSE of you who see *The New Yorker* regularly must have echoed Amen to a poem in the July 29 issue by Nina Bourne, a humorous plea to the weather man to be kinder to workers who have only Saturdays and Sundays for out-door recreation. You'll like to know that Nina Bourne, as a secretary with S&S, and a DCer, has been responsible for the jolly rhymed ads that have appeared in the *SRL* in advertising our DC Series and a more recent one in the *Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review* of July 30. She says generously that doing DC ads has kept her in trim for making *The New Yorker*.

Edmund P. Brown, from Belfast, Me., writes that in No. 538 I have confused Susanna Rowson, with one Rowlon. The former, according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* was an English actress in America, born 1779, died 1855; whereas Rowlon was the English novelist, born 1762, died 1824. The latter is not in Webster's very complete New Biographical Dictionary. Will Steven Byington, or some other DCer of authority, set us straight on the subject? The substitution of an *s* for an *l* confused Mr. Brown's puzzling—hence his protest.

You'll be interested, I think, in an out-of-the-ordinary-run correspondence I've had lately with one Jacques Glatzer, Bronx, N. Y. He wrote to *The New York Times* challenging their explanation accompanying the monthly DC that the type of puzzle originated with me. "Exactly this same type of puzzle could be found as a regular feature about ten years ago in some four weekly German magazines," he wrote, mentioning the same. In my reply I said that such a serious accusation called in all honesty for proof. His reply pleaded that as he had left Germany nine years ago he could not furnish proof; that he hadn't expressed himself correctly in using the word *exactly;* that the puzzles he spoke of were much less complicated, being in reality words defined to put into boxes constituting when done a quotation; that he merely considered it would interest *The Times* Puzzle Editor from the professional point of view, without realizing the implications it might carry and that he'd be glad to revoke the statement he made to *The Times* editor. A naive explanation, this last, I thought, to say the least. As I reflected over the matter light dawned. Since 1934 W. G. Howard, then Professor of German at Harvard University, now Emeritus, has written me from time to time, telling me how his students and friends enjoyed using my DCs as a model for puzzles in German from German literature, and he sent me some of them. Do you think, Professor Howard, that they may have filtered into Germany? In which case they would be indebted to us! E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 543

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 8 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Preparation of sour milk (Southwest U. S.)

B. Castle about which Horace Walpole wrote in romance title.

C. State of being rash or impetuous.

D. Smartly spruce (colloq.)

E. A pygmy people in Equatorial Africa.

F. Family of noted American actors of Irish descent.

G. Sword of St. George.

H. Guenon monkey of W. Africa—blueish face with white stripe on upper lip.

I. Character in "David Copperfield."

J. To practise subterfuges or evasions.

K. Crazy (3 wds.)

L. Set with bristles; rough with hair.

M. Gross indignities.

N. British novelist (1721-71).

O. Importance; authority; influence.

P. A Moslem sect of dervishes formed in Morocco about 1500.

Q. A hoop skirt or frame; a broad-seated chair without arms in Elizabeth's reign.

R. Art or means of attaining happiness.

S. Italian center of famous Franciscan monk (1182-1226).

T. City in Norway.

U. Badly directed (comp.)

V. Biased by jealousy (comp.; Shakespeare).

W. Any items of value owned (Accounting; colloq.)

X. Wrath; anger.

Y. English essayist and poet (1784-1859) (full name).

WORDS

A.	151 158 102 84 88 17 82
B.	61 165 18 139 92 47 148
C.	188 120 111 3 36 75 125 32 157
D.	133 86 56 185 43
E.	161 159 14 147 22
F.	95 149 129 30
G.	121 127 182 117 37 104 23
H.	178 156 21 64 68 87 166 146
I.	181 142 2 24 108 39 164 78 176 65
J.	85 144 140 76 4 123 49 168 26 153 105 12
K.	155 41 169 5 46 141 130 103 63 115 10
L.	106 186 67 134 89 135 51
M.	40 9 33 174 110 184 27
N.	109 53 29 69 175 152 60 42
O.	126 77 118 113 163 1
P.	124 15 31 96 80
Q.	173 101 81 98 136 131 83 44 90 70 107
R.	167 6 13 35 137 50 16 112 97 162 79
S.	74 7 25 183 38 57
T.	19 94 145 59 170 52
U.	8 28 48 62 114 179 119 55 128
V.	132 172 100 11 58 150 138 66 180
W.	171 122 187 160 93 71
X.	91 73 54
Y.	154 45 177 116 143 99 20 34 72

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